

BRITANNIA^{and} EVE

AUGUST
1942



C. PATRICK THOMPSON
MARGARET CHUTE

FERDINAND TUOHY
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.



COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS



Although Joan knows
she didn't ought
She cultivates
a list to port

She fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston MAKES the biscuit

The four Weston factories are playing their part in the manufacture of the tremendous quantity of biscuits which is daily consumed by the Services and the public.

To save transport, the Government have allotted definite zones of supply to all biscuit manufacturers, and for the time being not everyone will be able to buy Weston Biscuits.

There are still large supplies of Weston Biscuits in many parts of the country, and "you lucky ones" who can get them will find them worth asking for by name. To the less fortunate we promise that Weston Biscuits will come back—so here's to Victory!

WESTON

Biscuits

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE

MRS. E. FLATT OF CHEAM, SURREY

advocates

The snowball system for group savings

"THE great feature of our Savings group is its steady growth," says Mrs. Flatt, the secretary. Mrs. Flatt's group was started two years ago at the Wardens' Post in Glebe Road, Cheam. "Every little while we put up a notice at our Post urging each present member to bring one new member that week. It's amazing how well this 'snowball' idea works. People are keen and very willing to help but they are apt to slip back if not reminded. As secretary, I've made it my job to keep reminding them and you can see the results in our savings totals. When I took over 17 months ago, the average was about £36 10s. a month. But for a long time now it's been £450 a month."

"Salesmanship? Well, yes—I do try to introduce a touch of it into my methods," says this enterprising but delightfully modest secretary. "My husband's business is concerned with that, you see, and I suppose I have picked up hints from him. I don't chivy or pester people—that would never do. I just make my calls regularly and chat about all sorts of things—a son coming home on leave, a daughter joining up, say. A sympathetic atmosphere helps so much."

"Our totals, imposing as they sound, are all made up of small sums. The members are just ordinary folk and some of them have been hard hit by the war. But I try to keep them up to whatever they can

manage—even a very little, so long as it comes in regularly, is splendidly worth while."

"One field I've rather specialised in—that's children. They really are marvellous, once you can get them started. One little boy brings me as much as 7s. 6d. sometimes—money he has earned himself. I try to keep a store of sweets on hand so that I can give a few each time as a reward. Bribery? But it's all in such a very excellent cause!"

TO GROUP SECRETARIES.

Give us your Savings Story—not necessarily for publication—in case it may help others. Write to Room 704, The National Savings Committee, 18, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1.



Well done, Mrs. Flatt—
and may your fine example encourage others to join or form Street Savings Groups. Details and the name and address of the Secretary of your local War Savings Committee are available at your Post Office.

Cover Design

by *Nat Long*

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by *M. Lovett Turner*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve," will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

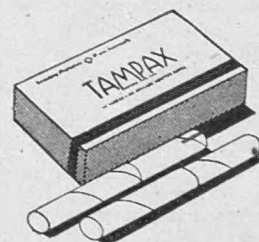
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Eating fruit is a pleasure we don't often get nowadays, and there's no denying we miss it. But, from the point of view of *health*, we can more than make up for the lack of fruit by eating extra vegetables.



The main health value of fruit is in its Vitamin C. Vitamin C clears the skin, prevents fatigue, and helps you to resist infection. And it's by no means confined to oranges, as people are apt to imagine. Some vegetables, indeed, actually contain *more* of this health-giver than oranges do.

To get your requirement of Vitamin C you should eat daily a salad which includes a good portion of at least one of the following:

Watercress (all the year round)

Raw shredded sprouts (December to February)

Raw shredded cabbage (May to August, October to March)

Raw shredded spinach (all the year round)

Shredded swede or turnip (September to March).

The Vitamin C value will be increased if you use parsley or mustard and cress as a garnish.

Increased servings of

Cooked green vegetables
Cooked swedes and turnips
Cooked potatoes
will also help to maintain the Vitamin C value of the diet at a high level.

Vegetables are most "fruitful" of Vitamin C when you serve them raw!

And, by the way, the dark outer leaves of vegetables are richer in vitamins and minerals than the paler insides. So when they're too tough to eat raw, or to cook in the ordinary way, be sure to put them into soups or stews.

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Dried Egg from America is now in the shops—soon there'll be enough for one 1/9d. tin on every ration book. They are *extra* to your regular egg ration. Each tin contains one dozen fine fresh eggs, dried, and in powder form. Nothing is taken away but the shells and water. All the rich goodness and fine flavour of fresh egg remain. You get your Dried Eggs from where you are registered for shell eggs. Mix with water as directed on the tin and use just as you would use fresh beaten egg.

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(S39)



BY APPOINTMENT

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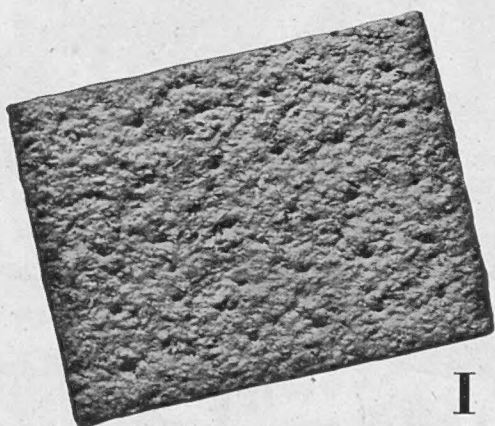
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that mother makes

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Prunum Damascenum



Ripe for St. Martin's

COMPARED with the lordly Victoria, the little Damson is a somewhat insignificant member of the great Plum family. But it makes delicious jam especially when it comes from a jar labelled St. Martin's.

Whole orchards of damsons are used by St. Martin's every year and still there are not enough to meet requirements. Indeed the war time scarcity of all St. Martin's preserves is emphasised by the growing demand.



We can do nothing but ask forbearance and counsel you to keep on trying. We are doing all we can with the co-operation of our distributors and your dealer to see that everybody gets a fair share.

St. Martin's Jam

ON WAR-TIME STANDARD—BUT

Still Unique in Quality

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L.156

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2/6. Also new Gala Powder, Rouge,
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With curtain lying flat, knot cords at one end and pleat by pulling from other end. Do not cut loose ends, tuck into heading.

Slip hooks or rings into pockets, turnover fashion. No stitching necessary. Use rings for rods, hooks for runner rail.

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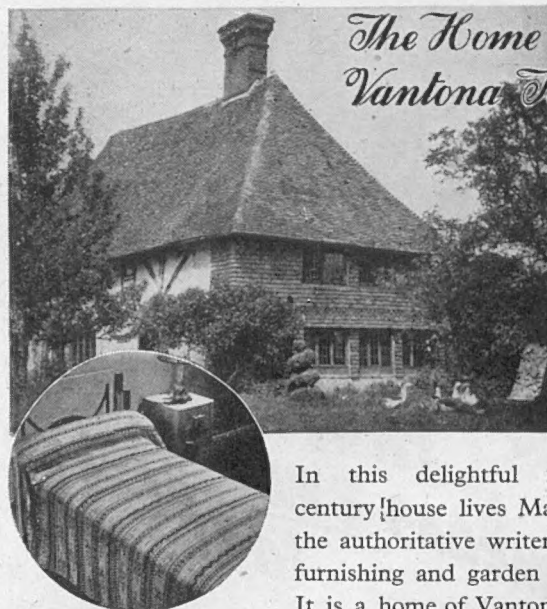
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When the lights go up again

Few women can resist the appeal of lovely curtains. And they know that the secret of lovely curtains is to have them workroom made and finished with "Rufflette" tape. Unfortunately, in these days of restricted output it is impossible to satisfy the demand, and although supplies are distributed equitably, many customers are bound to be disappointed. But there'll be ample stocks at every curtain store when the lights go up again.

Rufflette

BRAND
CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets)
also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS



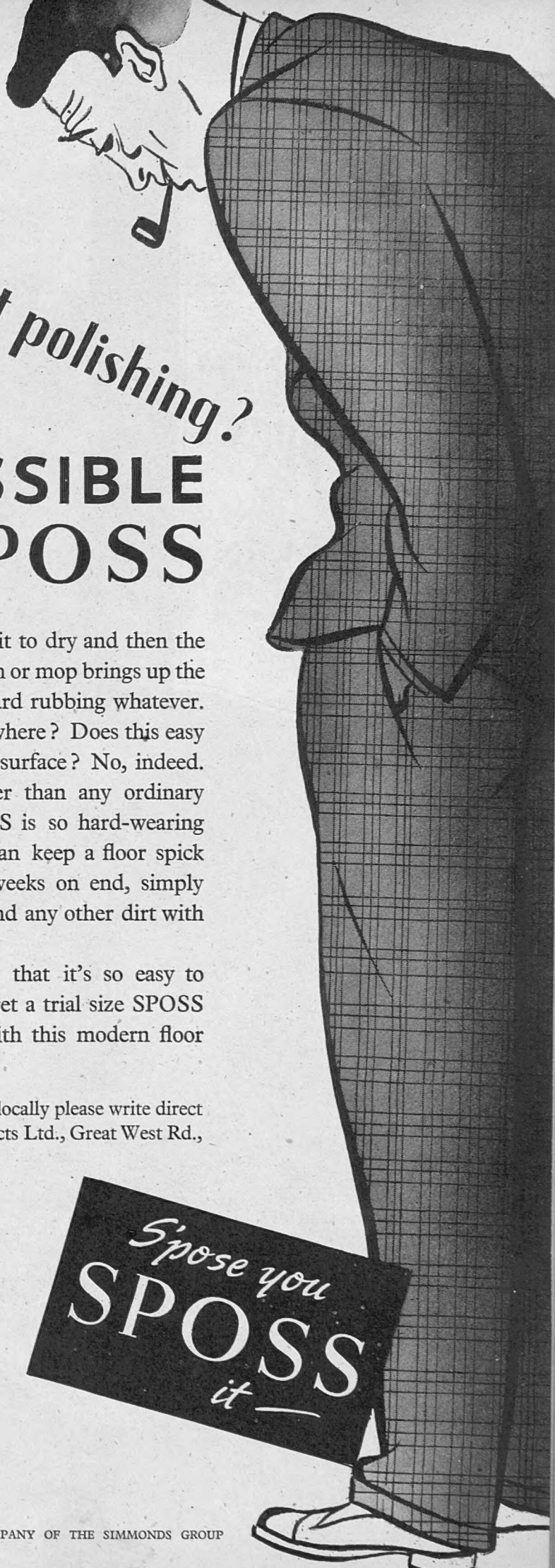
The Home of Vantona Textiles

In this delightful fourteenth-century house lives Marion Cran, the authoritative writer on house furnishing and garden planning. It is a home of Vantona Textiles. Within it may be found "Court" Bedcovers and Curtains to match in the bedrooms, Vantona Towels in the bathrooms. It is not unusual to find that people who appreciate good taste in household furnishing choose Vantona Textiles for their homes.

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Always look for the
VANTONA Name Tab.

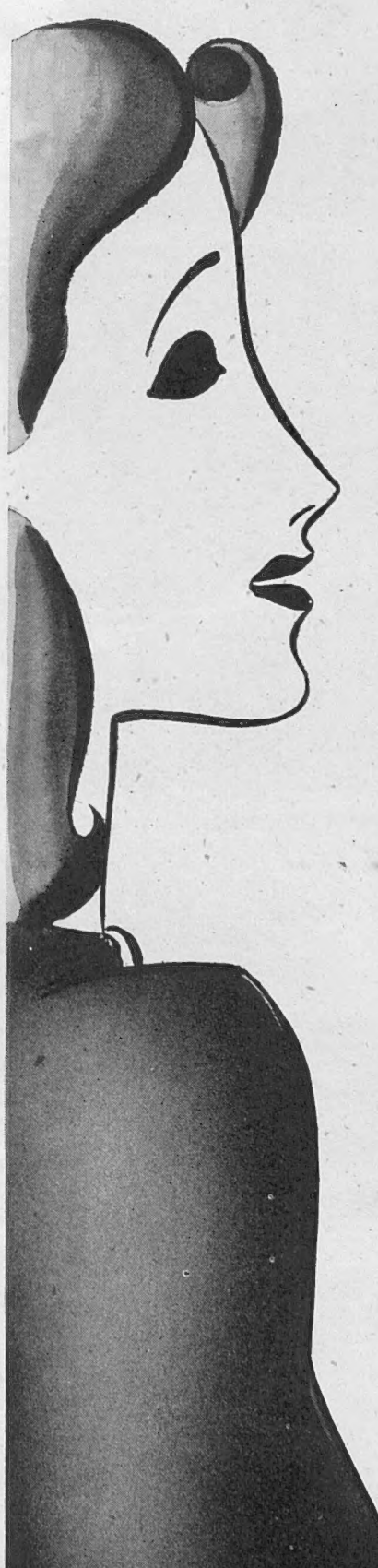
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Spouse you
SPOSS
it —



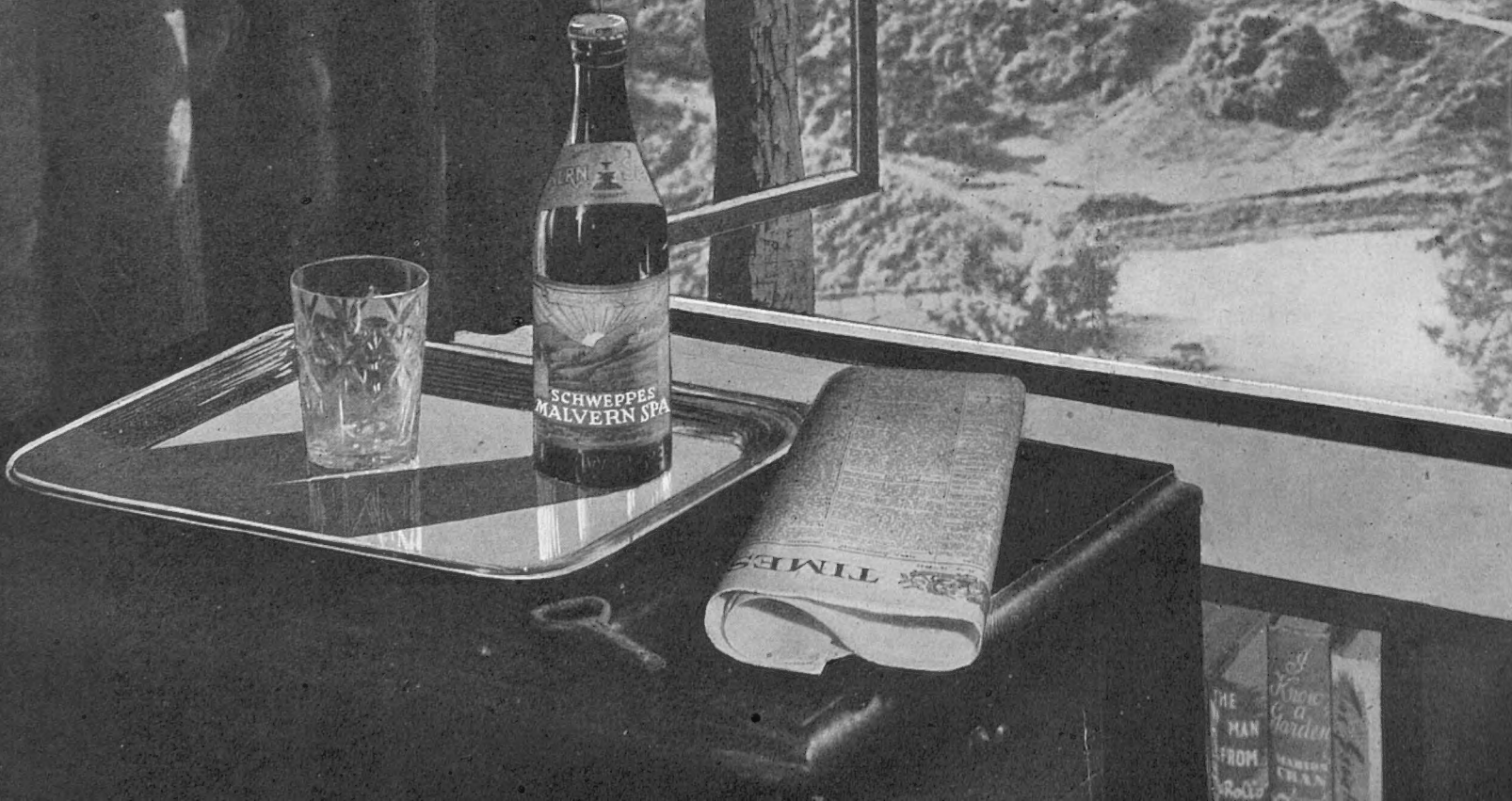
SIMMONDS PRODUCTS LIMITED — A COMPANY OF THE SIMMONDS GROUP

See its sparkling clearness
as it bubbles in your glass.
Take a deep draught. How
clean and crisp it is on the
tongue. Could you have
believed that water could
taste so satisfying?

Schwepes

MALVERN SPA

*Just as delightful
blended with spirits*





A hand fell on his shoulder, jerking him about, and Mr. Phinney, the second officer, was yelling in his ear, telling him not to touch the radio

HERE, in the South Atlantic, Joe Bronson slept with one ear open, so that when he awoke suddenly to the din of the alarm gong, he stepped at once to the inner doorway and reached through darkness. When a thin blue spark licked across the switch, he knew the tubes would be warm in case he needed them, and then, as suddenly as it began, the alarm gong stopped and there was a momentary stillness all about him.

No longer was there any vibration beneath his feet and he realised that the *Penndara's* engines had been rung down. He glanced at his wrist watch as he felt for his trousers. Two-ten. He fastened his belt, found his shoes under the cot and pulled a sweater over his head.

He could hear voices now. Someone hailed the bridge and there was the sound of running feet on the deck outside. He stepped over the weather-board and stopped in the doorway. Life-jacketed figures were moving to lifeboats, already turned out in the davits, but Joe Bronson remained where he was, waiting for some word from the bridge, seeing the huddles grow larger about the lifeboat stations and picking out number four, which was his own.

Staring forward he made out moving shadows on the port bridge wing and stepped away from the door, having no answer for the alarm, knowing only that they were five days out of Recife, bound for Capetown, that it would be a long haul to land in an open boat. The murmur of voices was louder as he approached the rail, one eye still on the radio shack, and he could hear Mr. Cobb, the third officer.

"Quiet," he was saying. "Quiet, please!"

"There's a ship out there, officer," someone said.

"No good yelling at her, is there?" Mr. Cobb said.

Then Joe was at the rail and a familiar voice was in his ear, a quiet, steady voice that even now sounded more curious than alarmed. "Can you make her out, Joe?"

It was Henri Martin, the Frenchman, and Joe grunted, not glancing round but straining through the darkness. He saw at last a long black streak upon the sea and then, before he could identify it, a searchlight opened up a quarter of a mile away, and though it was daylight all about him, he was blinded until the beam swept on, high-lighting the bridge wing, and the Old Man and the first officer standing there, then sweeping

back for a look at the Panamanian flag painted on the *Penndara's* waist. For another second or two it cut a silver swatch upon the almost glassy sea; then darkness closed down again. Where the light had been there appeared a curling furrow of white water that angled closer until, veering off a hundred yards away, a ship took shape against the night sky, a long silhouette, streamlined but compact, its twin stacks rakish, a spotting plane snuggled on its catapult.

"A cruiser," Henri Martin said, and then, as a megaphoned voice hailed the *Penndara*: "English, by the sound of him."

"Yeah," Joe said, and found his throat was dry.

It was all over in less than a minute. The cruiser, not identifying herself, but asking where the *Penndara* was bound, wished the Old Man bon voyage, lifted her bow and swung away to the eastward, leaving her white wake to dissolve upon the blackened sea.

"Well," Henri Martin said, his laugh a little shaky, "I feel better."

"You're not the only one," Joe said, and the others bore him out.

Behind him a ragged cheer went up and he turned his back to the rail. Nickerson, the passenger's steward, and Mr. Cobb, were herding the passengers below. Everyone was talking now, excitedly, as people do when pent-up emotions are suddenly released. A woman laughed and someone said: "Ssh, darling!" Joe catalogued them all; the fourteen Free French in one group—all but Henri Martin—the six technicians from Canada bound for Suez, the three missionary couples. All

South Atlantic Incident

In the Face of Danger
and in the Presence of
Death a Man found
his Courage

By

George Harmon Coxe

tucked in a freighter with passenger accommodations for twelve. Mr. Cobb, shepherding his charges towards the ladder-way aft, chuckled at Joe.

"Some fun, eh, Sparks?"

"Some fun," Joe said, and walked towards the radio shack, aware now that a curious weakness had come over him and that his legs were shaky. He sneered at this and straightened, throwing off the spell, and in the shack he pulled the switch and lit a cigarette, inhaling hungrily.

Henri Martin was still at the railing. "It's sort of nice to know that chap's around," he said.

Joe moved up beside him, cupping his hand over the glowing end of his cigarette. "A fat lot of good he'll be to us to-morrow." He grunted softly. "And, anyway, I still think you're nuts."

"I know," Martin said, "and you have a disconcerting way of closing an argument. This, 'aw, nuts,' of yours is rather discouraging."

Joe almost said it again, but stopped in time. "I can figure those other guys," he said, "even the missionaries. They've got a job they think they have to do, and they're going to do it. Those Canadians are being sent to Suez, but they're at war. Those Frenchmen—sure. They've got families and relatives over there. They don't like that Vichy Government and they'd rather fight with this guy De Gaulle than stick around Martinique and rot. But you, you're practically an American."

"I'm a Frenchman, too, Joe."

"Ahh—," Joe flipped the cigarette over the side and watched it vanish. He was tempted, at that moment, to turn away, to close the argument as he had done before in the radio shack. But something made him pause. The sound of that alarm waking him up, the sight of that shadowy bulk out there off the port beam in those seconds before the searchlight went on had unnerved him more than anything he could remember and now, thinking, he had the desire to know what it was that made this man tick; there was something here he could not laugh off and for the first time he wanted to understand why this was.

Seeing him standing there in the doorway on the morning of the second day out, a lean, dark figure, quiet-spoken and polite, he had put him down as a "ham," an amateur. He had noticed the limp as Martin moved in and introduced himself, the expensive tweeds, the platinum wrist-watch. He had taken all this in with lifted brows and brushed the magazines off a chair so he could sit down. He had known then about the Free French group—and a seedy-looking group they were, too—that had come aboard at Recife, but not until later did he know that Martin had flown down

from New York to join them and had been elected their leader.

"You've taken out your first papers," he said. "In another year you'd be an American. You've been in the country since 1934. You're assistant art director of Reliance Films at big dough." He heard Martin deny this laughingly, but went on before he could be interrupted. "You went to this Saint Cyr Academy, or whatever it is over there, to be a soldier and a horse fell on you and you got your discharge. Two years ago you tried to enlist in Canada and they wouldn't take you, so you study to be a lousy radio expert so maybe you can go over like you're doing and get a job. And yet you ain't even got a family over there."

"I've got a couple of distant cousins," Martin said, "one in a concentration camp, and one who is still being held by the Nazis as a prisoner of war. I've some friends."

"So you're going back to fight for them."

"No. I'm going back because—Look, Joe—Would you fight if America were attacked?"

"Hell, yes. Right in Brooklyn. From Carnarsie right back to the Mississippi, if I had to. But that's different. If I have to fight, I have to fight. A guy does what he has to do. But I don't go around sticking out my neck just—"

"Yes," Martin said. "A guy does what he has to do."

"But you don't have to."

"I think I do. Just as you've decided that being the radioman on the *Penndara* is the place for you. This is your way of helping, though you won't admit it."

Joe almost said "Nuts," but stopped and said "Phuie," instead.

"These Panamanian ships have been torpedoed before."

"Not many of 'em," Joe said. "And one of those was armed. You don't see any guns on this baby. And when you do, when they black-out, I won't be on it."

"They'll arm them all eventually."

"Then I'll get me a berth on a coastal run or maybe the Great Lakes. There're angles to everything. I still can't figure yours, but if you want to know mine, I'll tell you."

"I wish you would," Henri Martin said.

Illustrated by
Jack Matthew





His heart leaped and he nearly dropped the bottle. For Henri Martin lay sprawled upon the floor, the toppled chair beside him.

Joe did not reply at once, but thought it over; for though his scheme of things was very sound to him he had never confided in anyone but once.

To Jenny Cummings, who was small and dark and cuddly and who worked as a stenographer for some outfit in the Chrysler Building. There had been a place for Jenny in this scheme of things, not right away, of course, but later, maybe, when this war business was over and a guy no longer had to worry about the draft, but could get back behind the wheel of a truck at thirty-eight-fifty plus overtime, and look forward to a little business of his own some day. And so, not quite realising what he was doing, he told her how he had figured things, still remembering how she had moved back from the circle of his arm and looked at him. He had been furious then, and had argued hotly as he took her home; but when he had calmed down and telephoned again, she made excuses and that told him what the score was.

But it helped, sometimes, to talk of things and his was a lonely job now. So that was why Joe Bronson stood at the rail that night, staring sightlessly out across the smooth black sea, and spoke about his boyhood and the angles he had figured for himself.

He spoke briefly of his mother, who had died when he was very young, and of his father, a Bush Terminal stevedore who had a heavy hand, a tricky temper and an unfortunate thirst for spirits. He told of selling papers and fighting for the best corners, always figuring the angles but never sticking out his neck when the odds were too great. He had learned early that it paid to be tough, to take what you could get, and never to forget to look out for number one; for if you didn't, who would? He had had to

fight for himself ever since he could remember, and he was proud of it now. He had gone through high school because he'd had the sense to realise it would help him later on; and after one trip at sea he knew that he could do better for himself on shore. And he had, hadn't he?

"You think I'm on this tub because I like it?" he said scornfully. "I'd rather be getting my forty bucks a week driving a truck. But they won't let me. Not now. If I drive a truck it's got to be for the army at thirty a month. I could see this draft thing coming before they passed it, and I knew just where I'd be—class A. Because I was twenty-two and rugged."

"You are young," Henri Martin said.

"What is that?" Joe said. "Sarcasm? Anyway, I got to beat it some way. So what do I do? Tear around to the Y.M.C.A. and enrol for a radio course. When they had that first drawing I think I could have qualified, but I got a break. A high number. That gave me plenty of time. I've got a job. An essential job. They'll never pull me in the army now. I'm more important where I am."

"You could be torpedoed."

"I could fall off an army truck or get run over by a tank, in some lousy manoeuvre, too. The difference is I get about three times as much in bonus

alone on this job as I would at full pay in the army. I'm making dough now. And I'm salting it, too. When this thing is over I'll have the first payment on a couple of trucks. So which is the best angle?"

"For you, this," Henri Martin said, and even in the darkness Joe could see the slow smile. "But you're still serving."

"Because I have to, one way or another. It's either this or get drafted. But you—"

"I have to serve, too. Only with a bad leg and a flutter in your heart you don't have much choice."

"Nuts," Joe said angrily. "You can't be drafted. You're not even physically fit. You could stay in Hollywood—"

"And my fourteen friends could stay safely in Martinique."

THE things he had said and heard were still uppermost in Joe Bronson's mind as he drifted off to sleep, and the next thing he knew the air about him was trembling with some frightful vibration and meaningless sound, and he was pitched to the floor in the darkness.

Blind instinct brought him to his feet. He looked up and saw the sky through a corner of the overhead; silhouetted there was a gaping hole with ragged edges and a timber hanging crazily inside the room. Still numbed by shock he managed to draw on shoes and trousers, hearing twin explosions from somewhere close by as he gained the deck.

Overhead the air tightened into a shrill high scream that sucked the breath from his body and shrivelled his stomach. Then, as he flattened against the shack, the sea directly abeam burst into two crackling eruptions and subsided. He knew then what it was, yet not believing, turned to starboard, away from the geysers. It was still dark, the sky laden with reflection from the sun not yet up; and the water like slate; upon it, moving slowly less than half a mile away, was the merchant raider, low in the water and black against the dawn.

Even as he stared at her two red flashes licked out at him from bow and stern. This time there was no splash abeam but the sound of muffled explosions somewhere below as the shots hammered at his ears. The *Penndara* shuddered and lurched; then someone was running across the deck and the alarm gong was ringing. A hand fell on his shoulder, jerking him about, and Mr. Phinney, the second officer, was yelling in his ear, telling him not to touch the radio, then cursing with a terrible ferocity.

After that Joe got away from the radio shack fast, because he knew it was the nicest sort of target. He remembered running to the ladder and stumbling to the main deck and leaning against the bulkhead on the port side away from the shelling. He counted the shots and the hits, holding his breath between each salvo, cursing his helplessness and fighting the panic that sought to overwhelm him.

Then, abruptly, quiet fell about him and not even the alarm gong was ringing. For interminable seconds it lasted, as though everyone aboard was waiting for the next shot. When it did not come he ran for the nearest passageway where the air was full of dust and the stink of powder.

In an open doorway, three Canadians were bent over a fourth who was unconscious and bleeding badly from a gash in his head. In the opposite cabin, Mrs. Brewster, one of the missionaries, was crying softly, her fractured arm hanging limply as her husband tried to fasten on her life jacket. All about Joe Bronson there was noise and movement and curses and groans; and when he saw there was so little he could do, he went back to the radio shack, feeling weak and shaken and saying over and over, "The dirty cowards, the dirty cowards."

The moment he reached the boat-deck he saw the Morse blinker flashing on the raider. He did not know how much had gone on before, nor did it matter since the message would be read on the bridge, but what he saw said: *Twenty minutes to abandon ship.*

So that's it, he thought, and moved to the radio shack, a little amazed to find it still intact except for the upper corner aft which the first shell had knocked off. Even the antenna was still up and, moving inside and throwing the switch, he heard the crackle of the spark and knew the set was still activated.

He packed a bag hurriedly and stepped back on deck, conscious of the slight list. Already the crew and passengers were gathering at the abandon ship stations. The starboard boat aft was smashed to

carried little weight upon them. Joe Bronson caught his breath. He said: "Henri," and stood stupidly, unable to move until they had passed into the shack.

"The transmitter," Henri Martin said, a hushed urgency in his voice. "It's working, isn't it? It's got to work."

Joe said it was and before he could go on Martin spoke in French and his two companions kicked the chair around in front of the table and lowered him into it.

"Wait a minute," Joe said, and an icy finger slid along his spine. "Wait a minute."

But they were talking in French again, all three of them, Martin's voice rising, curt and authoritative. His mouth was white now; but his eyes had sparks in them and presently the others straightened and stepped back, their faces working silently with emotion. For a moment they watched him, one thick-set and no longer young, the other hardly more than a boy. Martin spoke once more. The thick-set man put a heavy automatic on the table near Martin's hand and the boy watched, tears streaming down his cheek; then, saluting stiffly, they were gone.

"You, too, Joe," Henri Martin said, and smiled. "On your way."

Joe wouldn't believe it. He knew what Martin had in mind, but it wouldn't work. It was crazy. He could think of a dozen reasons. He said so.

"You're nuts."

"You've said that before." The voice was tired now. The bathrobe had come open slightly and Joe could see that a towel had been tightly wrapped about his chest, a thick towel stained darkly all across the front. "The set will still work."

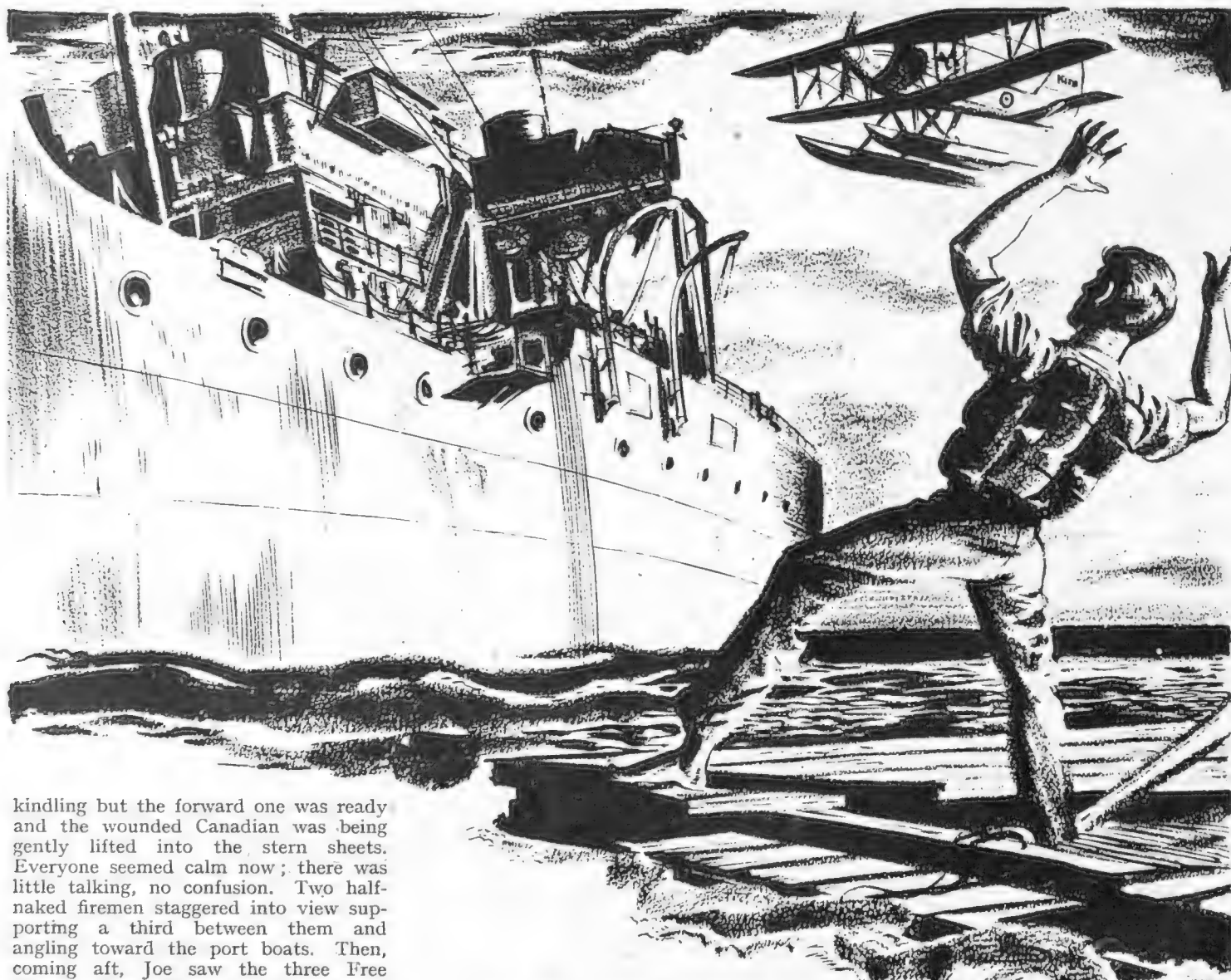
"No," Joe said. "Touch that and they'll sink us all without trace."

Martin shook his head. "You don't understand, Joe. This is a raider. Remember the *Zamzam*? She'll take you all aboard and then she'll load supplies; she'd be crazy not to. I promise you not to touch the key until—"

"You think that cruiser'll find us?" Joe said. "You're crazy. She's a hundred miles away by now."

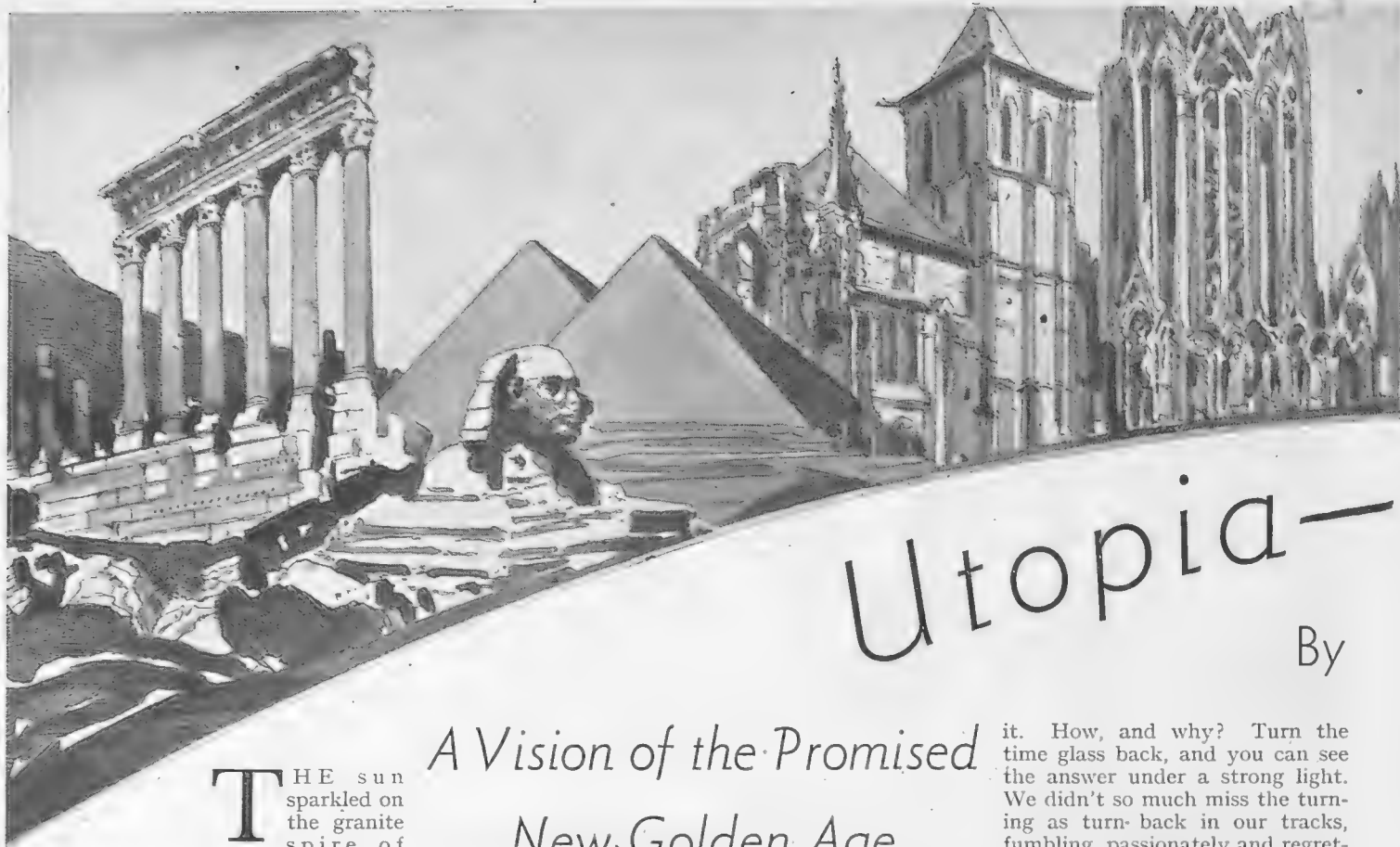
"Not from the course she took last night. But suppose she is. She carries a spotting plane. In less than an hour from the time I start sending that raider will have the plane circling her and don't forget, the cruiser can move twice as fast."

Joe sat down, the sweat leaking out on his face and panic riding him. He had to hurry, but he (Continued on p. 49)



The 'plane came on swiftly, swerving slightly as it approached the foundering *Pennara*. Joe got on his legs and waved

kindling but the forward one was ready and the wounded Canadian was being gently lifted into the stern sheets. Everyone seemed calm now; there was little talking, no confusion. Two half-naked firemen staggered into view supporting a third between them and angling toward the port boats. Then, coming aft, Joe saw the three Free French. Two of them were fully dressed; the third, a slim dark figure in trousers and robe, had his arms around their necks and though his legs moved he



Utopia—

By

A Vision of the Promised New Golden Age

THE sun sparkled on the granite spire of Hitler's tomb on the internationalised patch of ground below the Obersalzburg. John Brown and John Doe, who had come over from the ski camp above Innsbruck, read the plaque which enumerated the Satanic crimes of the daemonic folk monarch who had inspired and led the massed Teutons in their fifth and final attempt to bring all mankind progressively under the iron rule of the *herrenvolk*. "... and free men arose in their just wrath and killed him," concluded the plaque.

"Free men, Yank—that's your old man, and mine," said John Brown. "But they pile it on thick, don't they? My old man used to say that everything in the Universe has its mysterious purpose. What d'you suppose that fellow's was?"

"I guess he was an energiser," grinned John Doe. "Look how he booted our old men into getting things done that were overdue for doing. My old man always says that until Hitler started kicking 'em around they were stuck fast in the mud. Just couldn't get around to the big effort to pull out. It was sure a cockeyed old world they lived in before that war."

They turned away, two healthy young mechanics on paid holiday, two socially secure young citizens of the world of the famous Four Freedoms—two men of the Golden Age.

Put your own date on the picture. The Washington and London men who are busy blue-printing the post-war Utopia had not got down to time schedules yet. Still, it's interesting to level a time telescope at the promised land beyond the war's end, and see what we can make out in that vast, vague world, as remote and fantastic, it sometimes seems, as a landscape on the moon.

At the time of writing, of course, it is not too easy to get the right focus, seeing that the most ruthless and efficient military barbarism in history has overrun Europe and the richest lands of the East, and nobody knows when this considerable obstruction will be smashed away to permit the real building job on Utopia to start. However, much preparatory work is being actually done while the war rages.

Outlines, trends, possibilities, all these are clear, and the basic principles are charted. The only real doubt is whether men really will be able to complete this stupendous dream structure. The designers frankly and grimly recognise it as a bigger job than fighting the war. They see the war as merely toughening us for the greater struggle—the conquest of backwardness and unnecessary poverty, the achievement of the fourth and most baffling of the Freedoms, freedom from want.

We had the chance after the war of 1914–18, and muffed

it. How, and why? Turn the time glass back, and you can see the answer under a strong light. We didn't so much miss the turning as turn back in our tracks, fumbling, passionately and regretfully, for what we had left behind. Lot's wife, you recall, moving out with her angel-warned husband from flaming Sodom, made the same weak human error.

THESE errors carry their own pains and penalties, and we got ours in plenty, as the coalition of the conquerors broke up, and all the peoples en masse returned to implacable national selfishness, individualistic self-seeking, and the basest kind of wishful thinking.

Money was the god, and all sought it. People asked: "Am I my brother's keeper?" and the universal answer was: "No." Youth was neglected, and to-morrow shrugged away. The bankers tried to regain their old lost Utopia over a bridge of gold. Within six years the bridge had collapsed, plunging all the nations into an economic morass, from which they tried to extricate themselves, not co-operatively, but every nation for itself, and the devil take the unresourceful. Left versus right struggles rent Spain, hollowed France, split America, destroyed the Weimar republic and threw up a screaming, scheming Teutonic Messiah, who promised to save the German people, abolish unemployment, and produce a German national Utopia out of a swastika emblem, a Gestapo—and the arms factories.

What did men forget after the last war? They forgot their supreme creation so far: they forgot the machine.

Woven through the whole pattern of the times is the shadow of the machine. Out of it capitalism and communism alike have grown. The machine has revolutionised industry, and is revolutionising agriculture. Its gigantic productive power has shot ahead of our distributing techniques, and thrown our whole economic and social structure out of balance. It makes nations interdependent, while intensifying the forces of ultra-nationalism. In the hands of an unrestricted individual, or an unrestricted nation, it can produce anything from economic chaos and social insecurity, to the sort of world war we now are forced to fight.

That is the central fact we failed to grasp and hang on to, and we have been paying for the error ever since in progressive economic breakdowns, brief booms and protracted slumps, class wars, illusions, insecurities, and, finally, the Second World War, which began when white and yellow Spartan states harnessed the machine to the war chariot, and moved out adventurously to conquer gigantic empires in which they could operate machines so that their own people got the first fruits, leaving the rest with the husks and pips.

Some think that as the machine has shrunk national boundaries to parish size, and created an international



Unlimited

C. Patrick Thompson

economic society, to-morrow's Utopia must be a world state. An illusion. The fires of sacred nationalism burn brightly. Men and women fight in order to survive, not as individuals, or as a species, but as a nation. That's as true of the British and Americans as of the Chinese and Russians. Millions in overrun countries resist because they wish to be free—free in their own free nation.

Fortunately, the political top men in the chief free men's nations discern and go along with this tide, instead of uselessly trying to buck it. The Atlantic Charter, the Magna Charta of the free men's Utopia, accepts nationalism as a working proposition.

One can glimpse *blocs* in our world Utopia; in particular an Anglo-American bloc controlling the oceans, a Russo-British-American bloc controlling the Europe-Asia-Africa "world island," a Europe divided between a Latin bloc, a Danubian federation, a north European federation, a central European federation. But the nation remains the unit of the new Utopian order, as the regiment remains the unit of even the biggest and most mechanised army. Regiments cultivate *esprit de corps*, but don't cultivate it to the point where they believe that their most sacred duty is to themselves, and not to the larger organisation in which they are integrated. Nations will have to work the same way if this Utopia of to-morrow is to arise, and work.

The joker in the Utopian pack is the Fourth Freedom. How are we going to

remove "fear of want" around the world? How are we going to distribute what we have learned to produce with the machine in factory and field? How can we make an economy based on mass production work? Obviously, since we failed with all pre-war methods, we have to build a new way, from the ground up.

Instead of government policy and high finance holding back industrialisation of backward countries, so as to sell them factory products, governments will have to unite in daring long-term credit operations to advance industrialisation in the backward areas of three continents. Economic competition between advanced states for available world markets, too small to take all the surpluses that can be produced by giant highly efficient factories and mechanised agriculture, will ease off. Governments will work to get a better balance of agriculture and industry in their own countries, to expand consumption in their own areas, and together they will work to expand the world market through development of semi-capitalistic and non-capitalistic countries, the backward states. It is an astounding fact that if the thousand million Asiatics, who live now on a lower plane than the lowest economic class of the West, could earn a penny a day more than their current average wage, it would mean a new market for £1,000,000,000's worth of goods, commodities and food for someone. Machine production (Continued on page 68)

Decoration by J. Nicolson



Miss Alexis Smith, the new star of Warner Brothers, has been touring army camps in California to help entertain the troops in training

By Margaret

dozen names daily. One of the first stars to enlist was James Stewart; he gave up his big salary and star billing at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer fifteen months ago, and put on the uniform of a private in the Army Air Corps. He is wearing the wings of a full-fledged lieutenant now. Robert Montgomery went to France as a Red

She is seen here after a performance talking to some of the soldiers she helped to entertain

Cross driver, long before America had Pearl Harbour engraved on its heart. Bob

Filmland

Goes to War

Stars and Studios are all out to do their bit towards Victory over the Nazis and the Japs

A YEAR ago the mere idea that Myrna Loy, Kay Francis, and Constance Bennett would be found on their knees scrubbing floors and washing dishes, after working for eight hours in a San Pedro canteen, would have been dismissed with hoots of laughter. But it is happening most nights in each week, to-day. There is an organisation called "Bundles for Bluejackets," which includes the names mentioned above on its list of members. Joan Bennett, too, Rosalind Russell, and many others, give their time and energy to this cause.

A photographer came to the San Pedro canteen to take pictures of the stars tackling their new job. Myrna Loy said she saw no reason why there was any special news value in a picture showing her scrubbing a floor, or bending over a sink piled high with dirty dishes. "If you think this is the first time I've washed dishes in my lifetime, you're crazy!" said Mrs. Thin Man. And went on calmly cleaning a stack of greasy plates.

Over 1,000 men well known in the moving picture industry are already in uniform. This list is being increased by at least a



Wallace Beery in his latest film *The Bugle Sounds*. Wallace Beery holds a pilot's licence and has flown his own plane for many flying hours. He is waiting to be called to duty as a lieutenant-commander in the Naval Reserve



Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., who makes a personal appearance in a dramatic scene in *Captains of the Clouds*. Most of this film was made by Warner Brothers, in Canada

was in France in June, 1940; came back to America, and then joined the navy. After doing a job as attaché to the American Embassy in London, he was recalled to Washington, and is now somewhere with the American Navy, on very active service.

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, is in the navy, too. As a lieutenant in the U.S.N.R. young Doug. is experiencing, in actual fact, many of the battles and incidents crammed with heroism that he has acted so often for the cameras of Hollywood. He is on arduous active sea duty, out on the heaving bosom of the Atlantic Ocean; far from the spotlight that has been his heritage since childhood.

From Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios yet another famous actor

Chute

has stepped into wartime headlines. In his case the headlines are for a different reason, for Lew Ayres hit the front page of the world's newspapers when he refused to enlist in any branch of war service, on the grounds that he is a conscientious objector who refuses to take life. It must have taken quite a lot of pluck to follow the path Lew Ayres chose. He has been sent to a camp for conscientious objectors in Oregon. He has lost his contract, his standing as a star, his big income.

MORE than that he has read or been told that town after town is refusing to exhibit any film in which he appears. This seems, from my corner, an action both arbitrary and unfair. For Lew Ayres is entirely sincere in his loathing of war and the destruction of human life it causes. I met him first when he jumped to screen fame as the young German

with the Government in its war aims. Time, men and money have been placed at the disposal of the War Department; and no questions have been asked. The work Hollywood is doing for the Government is being done at a loss, not a profit. For an industry that has been built on ballyhoo and publicity in its most exaggerated form, the honest hard work that is being done in silence means a real readjustment of values.

An agent in Hollywood, famous, rich, and known for his ability to drive hard, sharp bargains, has turned over his entire office and staff to the business of securing performers for shows at army camps, on broadcasts dealing with the war, and at benefit performances. From Washington came a request that he would send in a weekly expense sheet. His answer was a polite refusal to do any such thing. The cost comes out of his own pocket; and until the war ends his ordinary agency has ceased to exist.

Frank Capra, the Italian-born American citizen who won fame as the director of *It Happened One Night*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, and *Meet John*



Jeffrey Lynn who you won't see in pictures until peace comes to the world again. He is in the army

Myrna Loy who works hard in her own time at a canteen for soldiers, sailors, and air force men, in San Pedro

James Stewart, the first film star to leave the studios for the army. He enlisted in 1941, and is now a lieutenant in the Army Air Corps

Dorothy Lamour went on a tour of big American cities where she made speeches and sold 25,000,000 dollars worth of war bonds

soldier-hero of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. That film, was crammed with synthetic battle and murder and sudden death. When the worst of the battle scenes were being filmed, I remember vividly that Lew disappeared. He could not "take it." For over ten years he has not eaten meat, fish, or any kind of game; his hatred of taking life extends as far as that. It is said that he will most probably be given a job in some branch of the Medical Corps, for which his long experience in all his Doctor Kildare roles—and the study of certain branches of medicine that went with those roles—would seem to fit him admirably.

Hollywood, as it exists to-day, is geared for whole-hearted co-operation



Donald Crisp, who won an Academy Award for his fine work in *How Green was my Valley*, puts a big proportion of his salary into war bonds. He is seen in the above picture explaining to Joan Leslie how necessary it is for everyone to invest in bonds and stamps to help win the war



Scene from *Beyond the Blue Horizon*. When this picture was started it was called *Malaya* and America was not then at war, but what happened at Pearl Harbour wiped out that title. In the above picture (left to right) is Richard Denning, Jack Haley, Dorothy Lamour (back in that sarong again), Helen Gilbert and Walter Abel

Doe, is now Major Frank Capra, settled in Washington where he is busy making morale films for the Government. Here are some of the other players who will not be seen in pictures until peace comes to the world again; Tony Martin, who is in the navy, stationed temporarily at San Francisco; Wayne Morris, another navy recruit; Jeffrey Lynn, who prefers the army; Burgess Meredith, also in the army, (Continued on page 59)

A Question of Time

His presentation watch—he had almost come to look on it as a lucky mascot

By Stanley Jackson

SQUADRON-LEADER WILMOT glanced at his wrist watch. 12.5. Well, they ought to have dropped their stuff by one o'clock and be back in the Mess for late lunch. In his mind's eye he saw a plate of beef and pickles to be washed down by a tankard of beer. And in a few days he would be home on leave. . . .

The Hurricanes were now sweeping over the coast of Normandy at 12,000 feet. Wilmot picked out Fécamp and swung away west. Spirals of cloud now began to ooze out of the haze. He dropped to 8,000 and the formation droned behind him. They floated about for a few minutes and tried to pick out the bomb craters left on a previous sweep by No. 6 Squadron, but lost them in the haze.

Wilmot circled slowly and then came down another couple of thousand feet. He leaned out and glimpsed the aerodrome. It was on a hill, nestling in woods, but yesterday's reconnaissance had done a neat job and there was no doubt about the objective.

"Target astern—target astern," he snapped into the R/T. "No. 3 attack. No. 3 attack. Go to it!" The fighters began to dive and one crump followed another like the beats of a tom-tom.

Very nice. They had pasted that hangar all right. Wilmot grinned at the thought of his beef and pickles. This was easy. A surprise attack and no flak worth thinking about. Then, just as the formation started to climb again, he caught the glint of the sun on the duck-egg blue under-surface of an aircraft. He had just time to register "Heinkel" when he sighted a formation of Me. 109s coming in from the east at about 10,000 feet.

The Hurricanes began to climb towards them. For a moment the Huns circled uneasily and the Hurricanes closed in, Wilmot rocking his wings.

"Keep in. Keep in," he sang out over the R/T.

He was just picking out a target for himself, noting with satisfaction that his flight were going in fast and hard on the tails of the Me's, when he saw that another Hun squadron had joined in. The first lot broke formation as the Hurricanes tore into them, and Wilmot barely had time to do a sharp half-roll as an Me. shot up from behind, peppering lead. He dived, pulled out almost under another Me's nose and held his fire until he could give the Hun a hard burst.

Then things moved in a hurry. He

pulled out of his dive, saw the Me. go into a sharp spin and then a gush of smoke shot out and the tail twisted off like a bit of matchstick. He was about to climb when his controls seemed to go limp. He pushed his stick forward but seemed to be losing speed. Dark smoke was coming out of the nose. He must have taken a burst from the Me. He managed somehow to swerve to the left as another plane shot straight for him. Then he heard a sharp explosion that nearly bumped him out of the cockpit and saw a great gap in his port wing. Bullets seemed to be snaking in from all angles and there was a damp feeling in his right shoulder.

The Hurricane was now diving vertically. He opened the hood and saw blood dripping over the palm of his hand, but felt no pain. With his other hand he pulled the pin out of his harness and managed to haul himself out. He saw trees spinning by and the sudden flash of water in the sun. He tugged at the rip-cord and felt a violent jerk at the injured shoulder, but was soon rocking gently earthward. There was a dull boom somewhere below to his left. Probably my ship, he thought grimly. There goes my beef and pickles. He was now about fifty yards above the trees and praying that he'd fall soft. Then he went down, had a sensation of suffocating, a dull blinding pain in the back and crashed into nothingness.

THREE days later he was ready for questioning. The shoulder still throbbed but even less comfortable was having his left leg in a cage. It made him sweat just to try and turn. He was wearing a grey nightshirt that reached just below his knees. He seemed to be in a small room lit by a pale electric globe.

Pressing the bell he tried to sit up but

the effort was too much. In a few minutes an orderly appeared.

"M'sieu?" he said politely enough. He was a sallow-faced man with a longish nose and carried a bowl of water. Thank Heaven he's not a Jerry, thought Wilmot with quick relief.

"You speak English?" he asked hopefully, but the man shook his head with a nervous smile. Probably does but is scared, decided the Englishman.

"Where am I?" he asked in careful schoolboy French.

"Châlons-sur-Marne. You have been badly hurt, m'sieu. The doctors have removed a bullet from your shoulder and your knee was broken."

"But I got the Hun who did it!" said Wilmot with a smile.





The Frenchman frowned as he put down the bowl.

"Such talk is dangerous," he snapped. "You will be treated politely here if you conduct yourself correctly." His hands were trembling with anger and Wilmot thought it wise to keep his temper. But it went against the grain as he recalled his last visit to Châlons-sur-Marne when it was the French Army H.Q. How they had fussed over the Hurricane pilots in those days. . . .

"I would like a shave," he said quietly, rubbing the back of his hand over his stubbly chin.

The orderly bowed stiffly and went out. He returned with a razor, brush and some muddy-looking powder. Wilmot felt considerably better for the shave, but the Frenchman was clumsy, perhaps deliberately, and cut him twice. They

The intelligence officer sprang forward, "Hold your tongue, English dog," he shouted

did not exchange a word until the man was turning to go.

"What about my things? My money and watch?"

The Frenchman shrugged and went out, muttering to himself. Wilmot was still feeling irritable when a German officer came in and sat down beside the bed. He was a man of about fifty with reddish hair, turning grey at the temples, and a thick moustache. He wore steel-rimmed spectacles that made him look more like a schoolmaster than a Prussian soldier. But it was his long bony hands that took Wilmot's eye. They were the sensitive hands of a musician, he decided.

"And how are you feeling now?" said

the German in English. His voice was soft, almost gentle.

"Quite all right, but for the leg."

"You were fortunate, squadron-leader. Your plane was a complete wreck. You hit a tree when you jumped out."

Wilmot raised himself on one elbow. "I hope you will inform the Red Cross that I'm safe," he said earnestly. "I've got a wife. . . ." The thought of Peggy and not seeing her until the end of the war was like touching a raw nerve.

"I understand," said the gentle voice. "You may rely upon us to do all possible." He went off, leaving Wilmot a cigarette. He smoked it gratefully; it might be his last until he got to the prison camp. That was a devil of a prospect but he'd be with Englishmen and things had improved in the camps, one heard.

German smoothly. "I fear that no more than four reached England."

Wilmot's heart went dead inside him. Four out of twenty-four! Then he smiled. His boys were doing pretty well when he came a cropper.

"I think you exaggerate," he said with a grin.

The German was also smiling. "You English are incurably optimistic," he returned.

Nothing seemed to shake his good humour. He smiled when Wilmot suggested that someone had stolen his watch and probably his money also.

"We make better watches in Germany," he laughed.

"And your wallet will be returned to you, my friend."

He made a habit of dropping in every day but Wilmot was curt almost to rudeness. He knew now that the German was an intelligence officer with plenty of point in all his innocent-sounding questions about conditions in England and the R.A.F. in particular. When the fellow suggested a game of chess he said that he couldn't play although nothing would have given him greater pleasure. Anything was preferable to those tame magazines and that surly French orderly.

Wilmot was now hobbling about with a stick and felt quite fit, apart from a bit of stiffness in the knee. He had just come in from a walk in the hospital grounds when he saw the German sitting at his bedside with another officer in the uniform of the Luftwaffe.

They talked pleasantly for a while and Wilmot was on his guard. The Luftwaffe officer was particularly cordial.

"You have been quite comfortable here, yes?" he asked with a friendly smile. "It will be harder in a prison oflag." He gave him a keen look. "It would be a pity in some ways to waste years behind barbed wire. Perhaps we might find you some more congenial work here in Châlons. Perhaps translation work. . . ."

"A splendid idea," put in the intelligence man. "It would help to keep

your mind off so many of the unpleasant things. . . ."

So this was behind all the blarney, thought Wilmot grimly.

"I'd prefer the prison camp, thank you."

The Germans exchanged glances. "We could make you reasonably comfortable here," said the Luftwaffe officer. "This will be a long war."

"I don't agree," said Wilmot. "In fact, the way we're pasing your ports and factories it won't be long, I feel."

Two angry spots showed red on the German's cheeks.

"We shall see, my friend," he barked. "Only yesterday we destroyed twenty-four of your bombers over Cologne."

"According to Dr. Goebbels, no doubt," said Wilmot gently.

The intelligence officer sprang forward. "Hold your tongue, English dog!" he shouted. Then he hit him across the mouth with his fist. Wilmot could feel the blood spurting from his cut lip but his smile mocked them as they stamped out of the room.

For the next few days the food was (Continued on page 53)



To his surprise a tiny square of tracing paper fell out. He opened it out, and saw a network of lines form a large C in the centre

And this German certainly seemed a decent bloke, anyway.

The officer came to see him next morning. He brought one or two French magazines and a battered English novel.

"Damned good of you," said Wilmot warmly.

The German smiled. "We are not such monsters as your Mr. Churchill pretends," he said.

"Can I have my wallet and watch?"

"I regret that your watch is broken. Your wallet is in the hands of the authorities. Your money will be returned to you."

Wilmot grunted. He'd become attached to that watch, had almost come to look on it as a lucky mascot. It was a presentation from the squadron when he'd won his D.F.C., during those first hectic days of the Battle of Britain.

"That was a disastrous raid for your squadron," said the

Old Tales Re-told

THE little old house in the Via del Mulcento had undergone a great change. The decrepit looms, with their stone weights, which for so many years had supported the family of Domenico Colombo, had been stored away for good. A new business had been started in the fairly spacious rooms at street level. Domenico had turned his weaving shop into a wine shop. The transformation took place in the year 1470, and proved so prosperous that he wished he had done it long before. His elder son, Christopher, was seventeen, a strong, healthy and capable lad who would undoubtedly be a great help.

The cantina of Master Domenico was situated a short distance from the port of Genoa, so it was most favourably placed

With this issue, we present the first of a series of four articles dealing with one of the great World Discoverers, Christopher Columbus. The story of his life will be found of Absorbing Interest and full of the Oddest Circumstance

for expanding trade. Genoa was a very rich city, the centre of Mediterranean sea trade. Even in Indo-China the Genoese flag had appeared, and was turning to advantage hitherto wasted markets. Domenico was sure that anyone

in Genoa who had his head screwed on the right way, and was connected with the movements of the port, could not fail to do well, and attract many more customers than his few poor looms had done. And so it proved. The rows of barrels which, for lack of space inside, were placed alongside the massive walls were soon noticed by the roving, picturesque crowd found in any port. The sailor's wine shop has preserved its character to this day. A counter, a few benches and oblong tables—the fitments are simple and universal.

Domenico had proved right in his venture. From the start his cantina was crowded out, day and night, by every type of sailor eager to relate his adventures and impressions of outlying places,

The Trials and Triumphs of Christopher Columbus, Discoverer of the New World

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.



Many a time he had paused, entranced by some traveller's tale, until abruptly recalled to reality by his father's rebuke or the impatience of another customer



About a hundred men were rescued by Portuguese schooners, and a few others swam towards the coast. Among the latter was Christopher Columbus, who, clinging to a spar, reached the shore in a state of utter exhaustion

On the appointed day, Columbus at last found himself kneeling before the double throne, unfolding once again his maps and charts

and strange lands and customs—merchants, Jews and adventurers, to say nothing of shady lawyers on the lookout for new clients, together with burly brutes in the guise of honest travellers, whose tongues were frequently loosened after a few glasses, when their real trade of piracy and slave-raiding soon became manifest. And then there were the genuine old sea-dogs, who spoke little but said much.

In this atmosphere young Christopher picked up most of his knowledge of world geography. Every tale he heard, every mention of strange foreign lands, increased his passion for elaborating the primitive maps which absorbed his time

whenever he was not needed in the business. Books were few, and as they were hand-copied, they were very expensive, and were the monopoly of wealthy men and monks who made their own libraries.

Printed copies were almost unobtainable, and they consisted mostly of religious commentaries and historical records. One book, however, must surely have come into the orbit of young Christopher, and have fired him with new inspiration—the diary of Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller who, two hundred years before, had wandered through Asia, explored the Tartar country, and reached the land of the Grand Khan, with whom he stayed

for seventeen years. The diary described almost day by day a sequence of thrilling adventures, strange customs and ceremonies, meetings with high officials and mighty kings, fabulous treasures, glittering courts, grand conquests, queer animals, and everything necessary to inflame the imagination of a romantic boy. Though two hundred years old, these tales of Marco Polo were still told and retold

with unabated interest. Their accurate details of the Golden Land gave everyone the feeling that he himself had been there and seen such wonders for himself.

Under the modest tutelage that his father could afford, Christopher studied mathematics and proved himself adept at map-making. Familiar with the sea since early childhood, he was already a clever sailor. One of his tasks was to help fetch the wine barrels from many a port along the stormy Ligurian Riviera, with one eye on the sail and the other on his precious maps and books. Amongst these there was always a copy of the

Holy Scriptures, which was to prove later an added inspiration to his work.

For three long years, much against his will, Christopher had been filling and emptying wine casks, serving customers and wiping tables. Many a time he had paused, entranced by some traveller's tale, until abruptly recalled to reality by his father's rebuke or the impatience of another customer. He was often far away in a world of his own. Gradually it was dawning on him that he did not belong to the surroundings in which he was born. He had been much attracted by the theory of the roundness of the

world, which had lately been adopted by the great Florentine geographer, Paolo Toscanelli. Backed up by so great an authority he became convinced, despite all the controversy, that the earth was indeed round, and not flat, and that by sailing westwards one would be bound to reach the Oriental coast of Asia. This dream became the guiding light of his life. With his eyes fixed on the far horizon, watching the sails of ships recede farther and farther until they were out of sight, he asked himself what lay *beyond* that immeasurable immensity of skyline?



When the business of the wine shop began to decline, the bonds that kept the boy tied were loosened. What was the good of trying to chart the world on paper and by deduction only? He realised the futility of dreaming and longing. He made up his mind to submit a plan to the Senate of the Genoese Republic. The plan he put before them was considered nothing but the crazy scheme of a highly imaginative boy, and was dismissed without hope of further consideration. This dismissal did nothing to daunt the dreamer: it made him more obstinate in his resolve. But he had sense enough to realise that he lacked the qualification of experience at sea. At that time there were thousands of young Ligurian youths who left their land jobs to earn a better

living at sea. Navigation was a trade open to anyone, and Christopher, among many others, disappeared into the blue. For a time, he did not voyage further than the Mediterranean. It was not until the year 1476 that he shipped aboard a Genoese ship, one of a fleet of merchant vessels bound for England with a valuable cargo. The *Bechella*, the biggest, had on board 150,000 ducats' worth of merchandise.

The convoy proceeded uneventfully as far as Gibraltar, and then steered northward. The mere sight of the Atlantic Ocean caused Christopher's heart to beat more strongly. The coast was kept in view, and the weather held fine. On August 13, as they rounded Cape St. Vincent, they came suddenly face to face with another fleet. Signals were

exchanged in alarm, and rudders screeched as the ships were put about. For this other fleet was the fleet of Coullon, known as the Arch-piratical Dove, a French vice-admiral, who had become the terror of the seas. He had spies in many ports, and must have got information in time to lie in wait for the convoy behind Cape St. Vincent. Christopher counted seventeen ships—twelve ships of the line and five smaller vessels. They swooped down upon their prey, and attacked furiously. For ten hours the battle raged, with no appreciable advantage to either side. All the vessels were grappled together, a jumbled confusion of ropes and spars and struggling men. In order to hasten the end, Coullon resorted to the use of incendiary grenades. Flames shot upward from three of the

Genoese ships, and spread quickly to those of the enemy, till all were enveloped, and slowly the sea swallowed friend and foe alike. Only two of the Genoese ships escaped destruction, one of them a galley. About a hundred men were rescued by Portuguese schooners, and a few others swam towards the coast. Among the latter was Christopher Columbus, who, clinging to a spar, reached the shore in a state of utter exhaustion. It had been a terrible experience; but this baptism of fire only made him feel more worthy to follow the career he had chosen. The survivors met at Lisbon, where they found ready hospitality. Christopher found refuge among some old acquaintances. He had an instinctive charm that made him friends wherever he went. During his few months at Lisbon, despite his penniless state, he made many valuable contacts.

At last the remains of the fleet was reorganised, and Christopher took his former place as supercargo. The voyage to England was uneventful, but gave him much experience of sea-going ways.

Returning to Lisbon, he signed off and landed. His idea was to submit his plan to the King of Portugal. It was no easy task to overcome the obstacles and rebuffs. But somehow he contrived to leave in the hands of the ministerial councillor all the documents and maps he had prepared, including a letter of encouragement from Toscanelli himself.

However, while he was awaiting the momentous decision, an expedition was entrusted secretly to another man, to whom had been given

(Continued on page 66)



The woman who shared the sorrows of Columbus was Beatrix Enriquez de Arana. She brought him consolation for the last five of the seven years of heartbreak struggle. A son was born, whom they called Fernando



His eyes followed her as she moved into the deep shadows of the lateen sail, stooping

EDWARD
UFFORD
1942

At The Lion's Mouth

*There are still some Frenchmen
left who wish to be Free*

By Jacland Marmur

THE rainswept square of Vieux Port St. Louis, deep in the Gulf of the Lion, was deserted except for that one man. He loomed huge in the last, grey daylight filtering through swollen clouds, his worn sea-cloak slapping his thighs. Breasting the strong south wind as if unconscious of it, he looked aloft only once, as a seaman would, to gauge the weather's temper and its character. Then, his judgment made, he dismissed its threat at once, stumping with a heavy limp across the wet shining cobbles.

To the young woman watching from the window, there was no mistaking the angular thrust of that uneven sailor walk. The man was Père Limoge, the one they called "Old" Limoge—although he wasn't

really old at all. Just old enough to have left a piece of his leg on a signal bridge in the Aegean action off Gallipoli twenty-odd years before. But that was all he left. He brought his spirit home; and it is easy enough nowadays to think of a man like that as being old. Or at least old-fashioned.

Still the girl, knowing who it was at once, kept her palms flat against the window frame on either side, her fine white arms half raised. Here the wind made a plaintive whimper, rain-scratching across the roof. She paid no heed

to it or to the bubbling sound of the *bouillabaisse*, very thin these days, simmering on the white brick oven. Shadows stirred across that room from the uneven light of the single lamp. Now and then it sent a cone of yellow slipping along her lithe figure, touching her dark shining hair, making clear the profile of her lovely face. Something in her look made it plain she waited for a thing she knew for certain she would find. But the time for it was not yet right, it seemed, for when the door opened, bringing an expiring gust of sharp wind, she did not move.



Then he stooped, picked up a blue-glassed lantern, shot back its shield, and came erect. "Napoleon," he growled, "once walked this passageway"

"I have been followed!" the man called Old Limoge said shortly, wiping glistening drops from his heavy black moustache.

"There are German agents everywhere, papa. They follow every one."

"They do not follow M'sieur Pierre Valveaux!" The sailor pulled a crumpled paper from his tunic. "*Voilà!*" he barked, grimly slapping it to the table. "The latest pronouncement of our Prefect of Police! 'Citizens, be calm,' he says. 'With final German victory, France soon will take again her rightful place in—'"

"I know. Valveaux collaborates—and he feathers his nest. Come drink some soup, papa."

"Soup! I have no time for—"

"Then you go again," the girl put in flatly. "How many this time, papa?"

"Two, Mad'line. Only two, I think."

"For only two men you would risk—"

"For only *one* I would."

"Last week there were eight."

"Aye; eight. Six of our own, and two bombardiers of the R.A.F. And I had

no trouble at all. So your worry is—"

"He was not among them. I thought certainly he . . ."

Her voice was low, throaty with restraint, cutting itself off abruptly. Père Limoge moved his big head toward her, blinking his blue-green eyes. "You must not put your hopes so much in—"

"He will come, papa!" the girl interrupted, still facing the dripping window pane. "He will come back to me."

Père Limoge was silent, a splash of lamplight on his rugged cheek, his shadow

large and restless on the whitewashed wall. Then: "Mad'line," he said, his deep voice gruff,

"you must consider how it is in France to-day. These men—a few escape from concentration camps. The others?" he shrugged, "hungry, ill-used, hunting for home. How many can hear of Père Limoge in Port St. Louis? And if they do, how many will risk their lives to—"

"He will!"



Illustrated
by
Edward
Osmond

She said this with fierce certainty, turning at last from the window. And Père Limoge was silent, watching her as she brought brown bread from the cupboard, setting plates for the soup on the table, moving with a grace that was a startling thing in that bare room. Even to Père Limoge. Perhaps he thought her mother used to walk that way; perhaps he remembered what that other girl had said, twenty-odd years before. Because he winked his eyes again, it was so much the same. But he said nothing, listening to the low wail of wind that told him there would be easting enough in the weather outside of Cape Couronne for his business at the Lion's mouth.

AS the outer night closed down, the window square became a black patch, running with rain. Then the tapping sounded, faint and in the distance. It made Limoge put his head to one side, testing the quality of that alien noise, waiting for it to resolve itself into friendliness or enmity, for every sound the night could make, even the tapping of a cane on cobblestones, was suspect now in France. It grew louder, hesitated, stopped altogether. The girl set the soup tureen down with excessive care, holding the ladle poised. And when the three sharp raps, followed by a single, solid knock sounded against the heavy door, she remained that way, whispering only: "The sign of the V! They are here."

Père Limoge gave her a quick glance across his shoulder. She kept that attitude of tense expectancy while he spun around, sliding back the iron bolt. The door creaked open on a shape muffled in a poilu's coat with all the insignia gone. From under a shapeless hat, weary eyes blinked in the sudden light. A humorous mouth, plainly disbelieving that this thing the grape-vine telegraph had told could possibly be true, twitched a little before it set in a thin, hard line as if to say he meant to give it a try at any rate. "We have come from the north." His voice had an outland, Canadian twang. "Myself and a blind beggar friend." He indicated the dark blotch that was his companion. "We do not know a name, but we were told to say a thing to a man at this address."

"Perhaps I am that one," growled Père Limoge. "I have been expecting a message from the north."

The man hesitated: his hollow eyes

narrowed. Then swiftly he put it to the test: "There are still some Frenchmen left."

"Come in! We are friends. You may forget your disguises." Limoge stepped aside at once. "Soup, Madeline! Hot soup! Then we—"

"By God it's true!" There was release from grave anxiety in the Canadian's voice as he helped his friend across the threshold. "After what we came through getting here I—"

Behind his back the girl's sharp cry cut short those words of great relief. The soup ladle fell from her hand, striking the flagstoned floor with a startling clash. Framed by the doorway's square where the falling water hung a glistening, flimsy curtain, the lean man with dark glasses shielding his eyes tensed and became motionless, the point of his cane at his feet, his face against the light.

"Peter!" She did not cry it out: she said it gently, like a sound that had been waiting in her throat too long for this release. "Peter!"

He stood absolutely still, dark pools forming at his feet from the drip of his weatherproof. Only his head moved toward the sound of her husky voice, and that movement showed the muscle pulsing along his cheek from his damp, blond temple to the youthful lower jaw. The girl's breathing made an agitation in her high, wide breasts. But she herself remained irresolute, fearful that his

nearness might turn out a mockery unless she held herself in check. That's why she spoke to him again across the narrow space, not daring yet to move.

"You are here at last! I did not doubt it, Peter. Never once!"

Now at last she moved with slow care around the table's edge. Clearing it, all of a sudden she flew toward him headlong, burying herself against his wet solidity while the long, slow sob escaped. The man's head remained lifted to the middle space. The knuckles of the fist that held the walking stick showed taut and white. What was in his eyes could not be seen, but his mouth lay hard as an iron bar. Père Limoge let his upraised hand fall slowly to his side: and the man in the shabby poilu's coat looked from the sailor to his friend.

"So help me, Pete," that one said hoarsely. "I never knew she—"

"Of course not, Sam," Peter Durban's voice had a hollow sound. He closed his hands on both the girl's forearms, firmly pressing away her hold of him. "You must listen, Madeline!" he said with sudden ferocity. "The world is dead—the world we knew when there was sunshine on the River Rhone. There is a difference when—"

"Peter!" Her small fist flew to her mouth. She seemed taller now, more lovely, more mature. "Yes, there is a difference," she agreed. "In everything. But not in me. Not in that part of me that is not me at all, but only part of you. There are many women in France like that. Women like that live everywhere, and I am one of them. I will love you till—"

"How touching!" The interruption came like a brutal obscenity tossed in from the open. (Continued on page 62)

Books: *Reviewed by Noel Thompson*

THE war, with its variegated intermingling of tragedy and comedy, has given writers a thousand themes on which to draw. It will probably be some years before the really great novel with a war background appears, but meantime the stopgaps of well-done true-life pictures are building up the background.

Amy J. Baker takes the journey back to England of the Riviera evacuees as

bigoted town dweller will not be able to understand and enjoy, whether it deals with evacuees or the marketing of carrots, with country folk or their views on the war.

And here, it seems to me, is a good point to mention "Service With The Army" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan was one of the pioneers of the W.A.A.C. of the last war and of the A.T.S. in this. In this

Four-in-one Novel

NORAH LOFTS succeeds in telling really well a dramatic little story through the eyes of four people in "The Brittle Glass" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.).

Sorrel is the first-born of a father who longs for a son to carry on his business and name. His bitterness grows with each succeeding daughter until he banishes them all. On his deathbed he leaves everything to Sorrel, which includes his business worries and dependent relatives. At the age of eighteen she takes over in a period when for women to do anything except housekeeping, marrying, and sewing is unheard of.

The story of her struggles is fascinatingly told; first by an elderly and devoted relative, then continued by a junior clerk, brought to a climax by a good-looking young smuggler, and concluded by her worst enemy, a woman she has befriended. All four view the heroine in a different way and so we get a first-rate portrait.

This book does not run to length, yet it is a very finished production well worth reading.

the theme for her "Hell's Odyssey" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.). Probably you remember a broadcast description of the voyage in the summer of 1940 by Michael Arlen, of the sick and elderly in coal ships, of the dirt, the food shortage, the awful experiences of the crammed passengers. "Hell's Odyssey" gives the story in full by one who was aboard and shared the experiences. It brings back nostalgic memories of the Riviera before the tragic odyssey started. I leave you to read the details of the voyage for yourselves, told with a vivid pen, some justified complaints, and considerable humour.

On a more peaceful plane is "Farmer's Girl," by Elizabeth M. Harland (Cassell, 8s.). There have been half a dozen books recently about farms in East Anglia, but this is rather different. At the beginning of the war a typist with no experience of the country takes on the job of book-keeping and running a farm, of course, under expert orders. This book tells her story and tells it well. It kills once and for all the slander about the "simple" country folk. In considerable detail it explains the incredibly complicated business which is modern farming, and in the telling it throws light on old country saws and beliefs. There is nothing here that the most

small history she gives a detailed and documented history of women's war service from 1917 onwards. She describes their experiences, the problems that had to be faced and overcome, the opposition and the criticisms. The book is not without humour, but comes rather in the class of an historical record of value.

IN "King Alfonso" (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.) Robert Sencourt attempts a biography of the last King of Spain. The author knows Spain and the Spanish people well, perhaps too well to take an unbiased view of the monarchy. First comes a detailed history of Alfonso's family, and then of his youth and upbringing. The politics of Spain form a background which is well done although, and this is a purely personal point of view, I do not agree with the conclusions drawn. Then follow the accession, the marriage, and the attempted assassinations, and so up to abdication, exile and death.

I met King Alfonso on several occasions and can vouch for his charm. He once told me, and he allowed me to publish it, that if he had not been a king he would have liked to have been a bootlegger "bringing the joy of living to those who were cut off from it."

I met him also as an exile and we talked of how Church and State worked together in Spain. And I feel that while this biography is in many ways admirable it has not quite caught the whole man, nor his problems, in their full perspective.

Of a very different plane was Count Cagliostro, the great trickster and adventurer. Michael Harrison in "Count Cagliostro" (Rich and Cowan, 18s.) has done us a service in his biography by making it sympathetic, unbiased and eminently well argued. Was the count really plain Giuseppe Balsamo? Could he demonstrate real clairvoyance, so that his trickery had a basis of the genuine? Was he a revolutionary agent, not by nature but for cash and power? Probably we shall never know, but here is (Continued on page 61)

COMMON
OR
GARDEN
CHILD

M. ST. CLARE BYRNE

THE
BRITTLE
GLASS

A NEW NOVEL BY
NORAH LOFTS

LOVELY SHADOW

Farmer's
Girl
Elizabeth
M. Harland

THE
ROAD
WINDS
BACK

Peter
Conway

Count
Cagliostro



Michael Harrison

SERVICE WITH
THE ARMY

Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan



KING
ALFONSO

ROBERT
SENCOURT

HELL'S
ODYSSEY

the starkly realistic
story of the escape
of seven hundred
British subjects
from France
after her
collapse

AMY J. BAKER
Author of "Jan Mail" etc.
HUTCHINSON

TOGETHER
AND ALONE





needed to be renewed or repaired! Many of the servants slept on the floor in the great hall, only a little apart from the private rooms of the family. Minstrels had their own gallery, but the music must often have been unheard, for dogs would quarrel over bones, cooks shout and horses in the courtyard neigh to each other—an uproar unknown even in these days of the omnipresent gramophone and wireless addict!

Bodiam Castle, in Sussex, is perhaps the most perfect example of the fortified castle we have to-day. It was built in the fourteenth century by Sir Edward Dalyngrage, most likely from the spoils he gained from the battles of Crécy and Poitiers, for the victor did not return home empty-handed, from the field of battle in those days.

Bodiam looks peaceful enough to-day, with the waters of its placid moat reflecting its walls, and

Bodiam Castle, in Sussex, is perhaps the most perfect example of the fortified castle we possess today water hens, knowing little of its past and caring less for its future, paddling in its edges, but its strength was prodigious. It has (Continued on page 65)

An Englishman's Home

Historic Castles in England and Wales

By M. Lovett Turner

WE proudly boast that an Englishman's home is his castle—a truism that, fortunately, is far from the truth. The dictionary, that mecca of mental browsers, defines a home as the place where one is at rest—a definition decidedly at variance with the spirit of a castle. Though the ruins of one may add beauty and romance to a land in danger of losing both, the castle was built for defence, not for the ploughman homeward plodding his weary way. Projecting towers were placed so that the archer could aim at the luckless hero who had crossed the moat and was trying to scale the massive walls. Machicolated parapets gave ease to the doubtful pleasure of dropping boiling oil, or lighted faggots and stones on the heads of these same unfortunates, while narrow passages and circular staircases made it almost impossible for the last defence to be rushed. The keep, a miniature castle within the castle walls, was the home of the family, as well as the storehouse for water and food for the whole garrison.

During war the noise and confusion must have been intolerable. The walls of both the inner and outer bailey were often from ten to twenty feet thick, impossible to break through without the help of battering rams, huge "engines" designed to catapult huge stones, or a tiered erection, called a sow, that brought the invaders to the level of the walls. These fearsome things must have been even more terrifying to the unfortunate inhabitants than the onslaught itself.

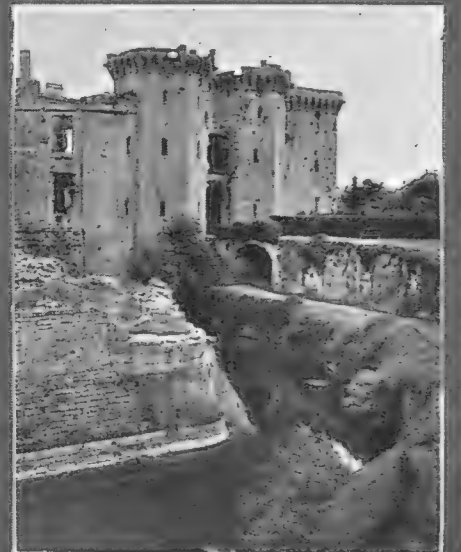
Even in the days of peace there was little privacy in a castle. Retainers, servants and pages, cooks and scullery men, grooms and herdsmen, craftsmen and smiths, all lived within the walls, for it had to be self-supporting, there were no shops nearby if things

The Great Gatehouse of Dunster Castle, in Somerset. Unlike so many of the other fortified places, this castle was slightly damaged during the Civil War. The Luttrells have lived there since 1375

(Above, right) Raglan Castle, Monmouth. The last of the old Welsh fortresses to fall to assaults by Cromwell's troops

(Right) Berkeley Castle, Gloucester, is one of the finest examples of twelfth-century buildings surviving in England

Chepstow Castle was one of the first castles to be built in an attempt to overawe the wild men of Wales



The Priest's Hat

*A Woman's Love which
Destroyed the Structure of
a Man's Dreams and Hopes*

By Enid Corrall



I COULD not get inside the doorway of the townlet's post office. It was crammed with holiday makers, buying bushels of picture post cards. These advertised the attractions of Ballyhoolan, either by means of dignified sea and landscapes, or by outsized blondes captioned: "There's a lot to be seen down here," and coynesses of that type.

A gipsy woman tried to sell me bootlaces, a Holy Virgin medallion, white heather. A few yards 'up the sunny street a rattly little bus was unloading passengers.

Among them was a man in a shiny old coat which reached to the knees of his homespun breeches. He was shabby and drab looking as the rest of the travellers. But he got off the bus as though he owned it, and Ballyhoolan into the bargain.

He had the aloof assurance of one who has won safety from fate—who can no longer be disturbed by its buffetings. He would have been remarkable in the crowded streets of a city—even without the hat.

It drew the eye like a magnet. It was an ample round hat of greenish felt which once had been black. It had a shallow crown with a rusty black cord for trimming.

It looked like a hat with a history. But its wearer had a dignity which made it impossible to hail him as he passed and with a conversational turn or two unloose that history.

I watched him walk slowly towards the sea.

The gipsy woman who had failed to sell me bootlaces, a Holy Virgin charm or white heather, watched me.

"That is a rather strange

hat for a man to wear," I said to her.

She slung her basket over her shoulder, seemed to be on the point of moving off. Then she turned and asked me:

"And why would you be thinkin' it a strange hat?"

"Well," I said, "a round, flat hat—I haven't seen one like it anywhere in Ireland."

"'Tis not many priests ye've seen, then," she commented, "although 'tis true enough that most of them are wearin' them hats with a fold in the tops of them these days."

A priest's hat. That man was not a priest. I'd swear.

No, he was not a priest, the gipsy admitted. Yes, she knew him. Every one around Ballyhoolan knew Shamus O'Keefe—and his hat.

And so I persuaded her—not strenuous work—to let me stand her a glass of port in the grocer's shop next door, which has also a well-stocked bar.

We took our drinks outside; we sat in the sun on the wooden bench which Sheehan's, like most Irish stores-cum-pub, provides for customers who prefer refreshment alfresco.

The old washing basket, filled with its miscellany of matches and bootlaces and trinkets, was on the seat beside its owner.



I l l u s t r a t e d b y J a c k F a u l k s

We must have looked an odd couple. But the passers-by seemed to notice nothing odd. Their eyes slid over us in the incurious fashion of the Irish, who will accept peculiar and unconventional actions as a matter of course—while managing to be the most hidebound and conventional people in the world when dealing with thoughts or ideas.

I hoped that Shamus O'Keefe would go by again. But he did not.

So in a moment

I turned to the gipsy woman and I said: "Well now, you were going to tell me how it was that Shamus O'Keefe came by the priest's hat."

She answered: "It is a long story and an old story, and I do not know why I would be tellin' it you at all."

But when another glass of port had come and gone, the mood took her to tell me about the hat that O'Keefe was wearing.

The tale begins forty-odd years ago, when O'Keefe was a boy of twenty.

There were then three brothers in the O'Keefe home, and their widowed mother.

The father had been a fisherman, as were the two older boys. Shamus, also, had been brought up to the sea. But he was thought queer by the locals. He had managed, by walking miles to the nearest school, to get himself some kind of education.

The village priest had taken an interest in him; had done him the greatest service any one could do Shamus at that time—had lent him books which he read when he should have been fishing.

He learnt Latin—or began to learn it, anyway.

And gradually it got about that Shamus O'Keefe was set on becoming a priest.

His mother, Brigid, was proud and at the same time distressed. It would be a tremendous feather in the family cap to have a cleric as kinsman.

It would be grand to have the neighbours

touching their hats to Shamus. Brigid puffed herself out with pride at the prospect of being elevated to a "some-one" among the villagers.

As far as she knew there had never been a priest among the O'Keefes. They had been too busy dragging the means of a bare living out of the sea to have ideas beyond the plank-and-wattle walls and roof, in which they slept and sheltered from winds and rain.

TO Brigid it was nothing less than a miracle that a child of hers should learn to read and write and study the language the priests knew. She could not understand his ambition. She just accepted it.

With half her mind, that is to say. The other half was impatient, because Shamus could not well be spared from the little boat's crew.

If he were to go away to the big place where they taught men to teach other men about God, the family fishing nets would be lighter—and so would the family coffer.

Pride in her son won the struggle in Brigid's heart. She put no obstacles in his way. There were already enough there.



"Sure it's a grand business for ye, Shamus," said Mary, stiffly. "Ye'll be wishful to be away from us all now, I'm thinking."



Shamus took her by the shoulders. He squeezed the flesh as though he were squeezing out the truth. He made her tell him all the story. . . .

For how could a poor fisher boy ever hope to pay for the training which would make him a priest?

The neighbours said more openly than ever that Shamus was queer in the head. What for did he want to go stragavaging around when he should be working with his brothers?

But Shamus, the tall boy whose grey eyes were deep-set and calm as a mystic's, went on his way as though he heard nothing.

He helped his brothers at the nets. He studied in the priest's house. The local father, who was a kind-hearted, devout man, and impressed by Shamus's faith in his vocation, lent the boy a pony on which he could ride to the good school for which he had won a scholarship.

And then came the day when Shamus heard that he had won another scholarship—to the university this time.

The postman who brought the ordinary-looking letter which for Shamus would be a messenger from the gods, slumped down on the wooden bench in front of the cottage. This was the last call of the day—he was in no hurry.

Brigid O'Keefe was sitting there puffing at a clay pipe, waiting for the boys to come in with the boat.

"'Tis a letter I have here for Shamus, Mrs. O'Keefe," said O'Leary, the postman.

She took it; fingered it curiously, but dared not open it, so that O'Leary could read it to her. She, no more than any one else in the village, dared to take liberties with her youngest son or his property.

"I do not know at all," she answered slowly, puzzling over the envelope. The letters which came now and again for Shamus were the only ones she had seen in her life.

"Well, I know then," said a girl's voice. The suddenness of the interruption made the postman drop his pipe which he had been leisurely filling.

"Indeed, then, and what is in it, Mary Regan?" he asked reprovingly, fumbling for his pipe.

Mary Regan came and stood at Mrs. O'Keefe's side.

THE girl's feet were brown and bare and earth stained; but she walked with the ease and grace of a cat.

Even her faded, shapeless old print frock and apron couldn't hide her fine proportions and lines. She carried her head challengingly. Her hair was a challenge, too—red and strongly curling.

Mary Regan was the village beauty. She knew it. But she accepted her homage impersonally as an animal. Her clear, light blue eyes looked at you unselfconsciously.

She was the sweetheart of the eldest O'Keefe, Dan. They were to be married in a few months' time. To O'Leary she said: "Why, of course, there will be in the letter news for Shamus about his questions paper that he was so busy with. And if the schoolmasters think his answers are good, why then—why then, he'll be going away from us to Dublin."

She repeated the last words softly, under her breath, as though taking (Continued on page 57)

On Duty and Off

WE think of manicure, pedicure, shampoos and scalp treatments only as beauty culture, but actually they play a very important part in keeping up the standard of personal hygiene. Ragged cuticles, misshapen toe-nails and an ill-conditioned scalp will lessen any woman's wartime efficiency. A good manicure, in fact, any kind of manicure, pedicure, and chiropody, are hard to come by now. So it is nice to know that at Elizabeth Arden's in London you can still get the best in manicures, chiropody and scalp treatments, and that the department for exercise and beauty massage is working full swing.

Wartime beauty treatments have to be of the striptease variety. Nails are stripped of varnish, and hair of brightening rinses. All the same, smooth cuticles and well-shaped nails neatly rounded off, are not a luxury but a necessity. If you work in a factory or in a hospital or at a day nursery, a cracked or ragged cuticle is asking for trouble, and the trouble usually comes in the form of a septic nail-bed, which is not only extremely painful but is likely to lose you your nail and keep you off duty for quite a long time.

Neglected toe-nails can also cause endless trouble; and very few people know how to keep their toe-nails in order. If you are lucky enough to have a pair of nail clippers, keep these for your toe-nails and shape your finger-nails with an emery board only. Toe-nails should be clipped, or cut if necessary, straight across, and they should not be worn either oval or pointed, nor should toe-nails be

clipped too short. The nails should not stick out beyond the toes, but they should reach to the end of the toes. After clipping or cutting, use an emery board to smooth off all rough edges. It is particularly important to see that no pointed or splintered bits are left at the corners; otherwise there is a danger of ingrowing toe-nail.

As soon as the nails have been shaped they should be scrubbed with soap and water, using a nail brush. Twist a tiny pad of cotton well round the end of an orange stick and clean under the nails thoroughly. If you can spare a little drop of oil to massage round the cuticles, so much the better. The

clippers or scissors, emery board and orange stick used for the toe-nails should be kept together and never used for the finger-nails.

From little corns large aches grow, and if you cannot get a qualified chiropodist to take care of corns and callouses, then go to your chemist and get one of the many reliable corn cures on the market. Once you have freed your toes of corns you can keep them free by the gentle use of pumice stone while you are in the bath. Use plenty of soap lather and rub the lather in very gently with a circular movement with the pumice stone. This will keep the corns and callouses from reforming. If you suffer from tender feet, be careful to dry your toes thoroughly after the bath. Finish up with a light dusting of foot powder; but remember that powder on a wet surface is worse than useless.

OFF DUTY

ON DUTY

In the normal way, an article such as that which follows would appear somewhat out of place in this journal. But so great is the importance attaching to the subject under wartime conditions by competent medical authorities that we wish to draw our readers' special attention to it.

IT is so much more important for women to learn how to care for the civilian population, which necessitates a sound elementary knowledge of child welfare, than it is for them to learn all the tricks of first aid. In this country we seem to learn all our lessons by trial and error. After nearly three years of war we have had to re-jig the A.R.P. and the Auxiliary Nursing Services. It is sickening to think of the amount of time that has been wasted in teaching women stretcher drill, hospital bed-making,

pressure points, and elaborate splinting for fractures.

At the beginning of the war, instead of first aid courses, what we needed were lectures on child welfare. If every woman in this country had had an elementary knowledge of the very disagreeable subject of lice, think of the trouble, friction, bitterness and unhappiness that would have been saved. But because we are so squeamish that we have preferred not to mention anything so disgusting, we are all guilty of gross inefficiency; and because

It is amusing to hear from people who have just returned from New York what they think about us over there. A few days ago I met a couple who left London just after the blitz and had returned from New York the previous day. They came well supplied with soap, for in New York they had heard that we had nothing to wash with; that no one had been able to wash their hair; and they appeared to think that food and drink had scarcely passed our lips during the past six months.

It was encouraging to hear that, in spite of our propaganda, or lack of it, in America, there are times when we are popular, though Americans appear to resemble that game of "She loves me, she loves me not." It was also interesting to discover the reactions of a couple who had left shortly after the blitz and had not seen London for the past year. To them London looks far more shabby than she did when she was actually being knocked about by bombs; but I cannot help suspecting that they are unconsciously comparing a blitz-battered London with an untouched New York.

By Jane Gordon

too many children got away with dirty heads, impetigo spreads like wildfire.

Whether you have lived in a castle or a cottage during these last two years, you will have heard talk of impetigo, but the chances are that you will not realise the connection between impetigo and dirty heads. Even before the war, 444,967 elementary school-children were found to be infested with lice and nits. Each female parasite lays between 200 and 300 eggs during her lifetime—that is, at the rate of ten a day; and a clean child will become infected in no time at all by playing with a dirty child. There are three kinds of this parasite, one head and two body. What happens is this. The child with the dirty head will eventually get impetigo spots on its scalp or face, and there may be little hard knobby glands in the neck. The worst of it is that impetigo is remarkably catching, and even a clean child or grown-up person may catch impetigo spots by coming in contact with them. A child will carry the infection by touching one spot and then touching its face, and therefore the face and fingers are likely to get infected.

Other skin diseases are also caused by lousiness. Unfortunately, as the standard of living goes down, the resistance to disease, infection of all kinds and parasites is lowered. When conditions are sufficiently bad, then there is a danger of virulent and fatal epidemics, such as the louse-borne typhus which we have heard so much (Continued on page 67)



Playtime -

For The
Women
Who are
Working
at War



W.A.A.F.s meet their boy-friends at the Y.W.C.A. Club on a big R.A.F. Service station.



Off-duty hours are sometimes spent in just lounging. In a good many centres lounging is a pretty good pastime when it can be done like this



Nurses from a big military hospital and A.T.S. personnel join forces in their off hours in the lounge of a Recreation Club in the Midlands

It must be getting close on to millions now of Britain's young women who are seeing through the exacting life of war service away from home.

What sort of time do they really have, these girls in khaki, in Air Force blue and with the Navy?

The story of what they do with their leisure tells us plenty. These women are not playing at war: they are working at it, and it is everywhere understood now that morale depends, to an important degree, upon relieving physical strain with agreeable and well-organised leisure.

The most natural and perhaps the most anxious query in the minds of women who are about to join one of the Services is "How shall I spend my time off? Shall I be lonely and sick for home?" The answer to that problem depends, in part, upon the individual. For the reasonably-adaptable person with sociable instincts there is plenty of fun in the Services when not actually on the job.

It is obvious that entertainment facilities in big Service camps are more elaborate than those in isolated camp sites. That is unavoidable. But it is also true that where a small group of women co-operate on their own initiative to organise their leisure, the results are sometimes as good, if not better, from the individual point of view, than when things are done on a big scale.

It is impossible to go far in investigating the social side of war service without encountering the Y.W.C.A. This astonishing and indefatigable organisation has brought a vast experience to bear upon the problems of creating comfort and entertainment for the women of this war, whatever type of service they are engaged on.

There is a "Y" centre in nearly every big Service camp in the country. Here Service girls are free from the discipline of barracks life. There is generally a canteen and annexe, or rest room, large, cheerful places filled with light and brightly-painted furniture, frequently opening with French windows upon a good playing-field or some kind of garden. Here is food at the right price, companionship and entertainment in variety, both organised and spontaneous, and—very important—a place to meet the boy-friend when you wish.

The resident leader is responsible for much of the organised entertainment, but there are visiting people as well. Speakers on travel, drama, psychology; instructors in various forms of handicrafts and needlework.



Gardening makes the leisure of Service women on clerical tasks pass very agreeably. These A.T.S. women are at work in one garden which is set aside especially for their use



W.R.N.S. Headquarters has just been presented with a recreational centre and canteen. Snacks and square meals can be had in a most agreeable atmosphere at prices to suit Service pay

The Club supplies patterns and suggestions as well as instruction for all types of work. Amateur theatricals, tap-dancing, music and discussion groups are all popular and form a part of a changing programme of events for Service-working girls at play.

The Army authorities themselves are active, too, in keeping the entertainments side of Service life in a state of continuous development.

The Army Education Group is not blessed with a glamorous title, but it does, for all that, embrace the function of facilitating pastimes, as well as improving the Service mind.

The Education Officer of every woman's Service unit has a lot to do with the playtime of the girls under her charge. She usually does her job with zeal and intelligence.

In the more isolated units her aid is invaluable in enlisting the help of local functionaries, who are encouraged to offer hospitality to Service women at the local entertainment centres.

There are regular movie shows in every big camp and mobile cinemas visit the smaller concerns as often as possible. E.N.S.A. brings the talent of the West End stage to all Service people at regular intervals.

Service dance bands, both improvised and official, are to be found everywhere, so dances are frequent wherever there is a recreation-room available—and there almost always is. Dancing classes are on the regular programme in the smaller units, and the type of class where girls give instruction to the men finds a lot of favour.

The study of languages, advanced courses in shorthand and typewriting are always available in Service camps for the more serious-minded who care to use some part of their leisure in improving their prospect of a civilian career.

It is also a fact that the more sober pursuits are very popular. Discussion groups flourish in nearly every centre. A sort of amateur Brains Trust helps with the exchange of ideas and the development of intellectual interests, and develops friendships in the most practical of ways.

The Army Bureau of Current Affairs—the "A.B.C.A." to Service people—is always active in promoting these kinds of interests. When women are too busy to read the newspapers fully or to keep in touch with the news, clippings from the daily newspapers are pinned up prominently in the canteen. These give a summary of the facts, and are accompanied by maps.

For people on leave, private recreational clubs are doing good work. Among these is the Overseas Club, in London, which, although primarily intended for the use only of Colonials, has generously made its hospitality available to men and women of the Home Forces.

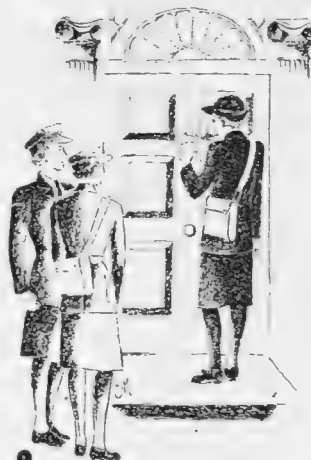
In the very luxurious background of this famous Club, Service people can dine and be entertained in a superlative fashion at a most reasonable cost.

Another and probably unique centre of attraction for people on leave is the newly opened Queensberry Club. This functions in the home of the old London Casino, which, if you knew it, gives you some notion of the size and spaciousness of the place.

A six months' subscription to the Club is one shilling. Commissioned ranks pay two and sixpence. This nominal fee gives full use of all the Club facilities. In addition there are free variety shows, cinema, dancing and food at canteen prices.

Entertainment, food and the chance to meet other people is not all you get for your money at the Queensberry Club. The same shilling entitles you, among other things, to a free lawyer if you want one.

So, after all, there are good times to be had in war service if you are a good mixer, capable of extracting the last ounce of interest from every opportunity.



Home Service

Women at home must often feel they have their hands tied so far as war service is concerned.

When domestic ties stand between yourself and war work of the more direct kind, keep in mind the fact that there is always one service you can render from within your own home and without ever passing your own front door.

This is the service of hospitality to Servicemen and women to whom home life has become just a lovely dream.

They are everywhere about the country. There is practically no district without its quota of serving men and women to whom a glimpse

of home life means something more than we home people can imagine.

Camp life may be efficient. There may be perfectly adequate arrangements for essential needs, but, by the very nature of things, the life is soul-less.

Imagine what it means to a soldier, used to the barrack-room decor, to sit in an easy chair in a real sitting-room with his feet on a fender. Picture to yourself the happiness to a serving girl, used to the camp shower, of taking a bath in the soft luxury of a private bathroom.

These people don't ask for elaborate entertaining. All they want is an occasional glimpse of home life.

Ask them in just to sit around and talk and to drink a kindly cup of tea. It tastes quite different out of thin china. Let them play your piano and read your books. If they are women, ask them around to wash their hair or use your sewing machine.

If you are bothered about the initial introductions—how stilted we English remain about these things—write to the man or woman commanding the local unit. Explain that you would like to meet some of the men and girls of his command in your home. Let him do the rest. C.O.s know how to handle these requests and use the utmost discretion in choosing the people for the privilege.

This entertaining may make some small demands upon your time, upon your privacy, but if you can give happiness and comfort to just a few in this way you can claim a personal war effort, however small, of real importance.

Dress Restrictions Give

The new dress restrictions, framed to conserve material and labour, are giving our clothes a clean-cut, fine-boned look, which accords with the spirit of the times. Indeed, long before the Board of Trade imposed compulsory clothes editing, designers themselves were doing so voluntarily. Perhaps the editing was not so drastic. You could have what buttons and pockets you liked, skirts were as you please, there were ornamentation and vivid detail. But the whole trend of the past three years has been towards a functional simplicity, a whispered, unassuming elegance.

While we are fortunately spared the nonsense that used to be written about a few famous best-dressed women, there is universal agreement that, generally, women have never been better dressed.



Two-toned woollen short-sleeved dress in sky-blue and rusty-brown. The cut paves the way for later alteration. *Rembrandt.**

Navy woollen suit with a high revered, fitting jacket. Three of the permissible skirt pleats are placed in front, one, adroitly, at the back. *Harella.**

Peacock-blue woollen suit, the jacket boldly accented with a brown wool velvet collar and two gorgeous pockets. *Matita.*

Dark-brown woollen for the main body of the frock, natural and brown check for yoke and sleeves of a *Hartnell* designed *Berkhoff* model.*

Clothes Clean Cut Elegance

Most of us have been too busy with important things to bother about the sort of clothes that women wore in the late 1930's. A glance back at our files reveals many reckless styles which, to modern eyes, look more like fancy dress than five-year styles have any right to look.

It goes without saying that the 1937 clothes which still would not be out of place to-day are the classics, the shirt waisters, the tweeds, the gracefully draped day frocks, the tailored dinner frocks. The story of these perennials underlines, again, the importance of the basic characteristics of simplicity, line, cut and colour. To-day, designers and manufacturers of austerity clothes have no choice but to focus all the interest on these qualities. They are doing it triumphantly.



Terra-cotta and dark bottle-green combine dramatically in an afternoon frock with a new hip-yoke line. *Rembrandt*.*

Two tones again, olive green and brown angora, perfect background for accessories of either colour, with a subtle corsage-draped twist. *Matita*.

The drama of a bold colour combine expressed in a front of wine woollen and a back and belt of deep purple. *Matita*.

This original three-button closure opens to show high revers. Deep armholes, slanting patch pockets highlight a dark coppery tweed. *Harilla*.*

All of these clothes are obtainable from good shops everywhere. Starred numbers are also utility clothes.

DRESS:

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

THESE ROOMS



Left: Curtains and black-out in one unit. Dark-green Bolton sheeting, a width and a half for each curtain, is enlivened by pieces of the old curtains, dyed magenta and forming hems, and a stretch-across pelmet

New lampshades out of some old muslin curtains, frou-frouing over a pink background. (This was an old night-dress cut up, stretched and sewed over the frames)



It is not only people who are feeling the fatigue of war. Homes are feeling and showing it, too. The big cost of everything and the shortness of supplies make it more difficult, as time goes on, to keep homes looking young and beautiful. Carpets and fabrics are tired and cannot be replaced. There is a "year-before-last" sort of weariness over everything, and not a lot you can do about it.

Shabby rooms are no more to be deplored than shabby clothes in these times. Just the same, it is a pity to give in completely, and to let the waters of shabbiness close over our heads. War-weary rooms should somehow be refreshed, and to prove that it is possible we are giving here the details of a personal experiment which proved a great stimulant.

The little flat, some details of which are sketched, got a fresh start through the application of some other colouring, clean walls and woodwork, a rehash of old fabrics and a new arrangement for the furniture.

The flat consists of a living-room, one bedroom, and a small hall, besides the kitchen and bathroom. Walls and woodwork everywhere are cream distemper, and these had grown very patchy from overmuch cleaning.

So, to redistemper the walls of the bedroom and sitting-room was the first task.

Distemping, like some other things, is easy when you know how. The blunt truth about the first attempt to distemper the walls of this flat is that it fell down badly.

Nobody had told this amateur that she had to size the walls first. Without this essential basis, the distemper showed an inclination to spread itself upon everything but the place where it was most wanted. One room had to be done over again, but the finished job was satisfactory.

The bedroom has a painted suite. After the distemping, painting seemed a pretty simple affair, so it was decided to repaint the bedroom furniture.

This all went well, once the paint of the right blue-green was run to earth. Actually, after much research, it was decided to use white enamel, tinted by an obliging paint-dealer to the exact shade required.

A wide shelf, with an undershelf, which runs across and below the two bedroom windows for the whole width of the room, had always been a somewhat irritating feature of the decor. The section of wall between the two windows had never yet responded very happily to treatment, but this time the owner was determined to get it under control. This is how she went to work.

The dressing-table is of the type shaped like a low chest of drawers, with triple mirror above. Before repainting the chest, the mirror was unscrewed and removed, and now stands between the two windows, converting the intractable shelf into a new dressing-table. The sketch shows how.

Now came the problem of a valance to screen the under-part of the shelf, which is used for shoes, telephone-books, hat-boxes, clothes-brushes.

The bedroom curtains are of turquoise silk, still good enough to serve. Curtains of the same material were hanging in the bathroom next door, and these have been enlisted to make a part of the valance on each side of the central section below the mirror. Dark-green black-out cloth goes to the bathroom, with an edging of several rows of bias binding-laid flat, in blended colouring.

To link up the new dressing-table with the bedspread was fairly easy as it happened. A piece of the chintz left over from the spread, which is two years old, was still lying around waiting, as had been the first intention, to be made into a covering for the headboard of the divan. This had never been done, however, so one piece of the chintz now makes a valance below the mirror, and another square of it is laid under plate glass to form a dressing-table top.

A wide window-shelf made into a roomy dressing-table. The valance, which hides an extremely useful shelf, is composed partly of a patterned piece to match the bedspread, partly of the ex-bathroom curtains, which were the same material as the existing bedroom curtains. Colours are a happy blend of bright pink, plum and turquoise

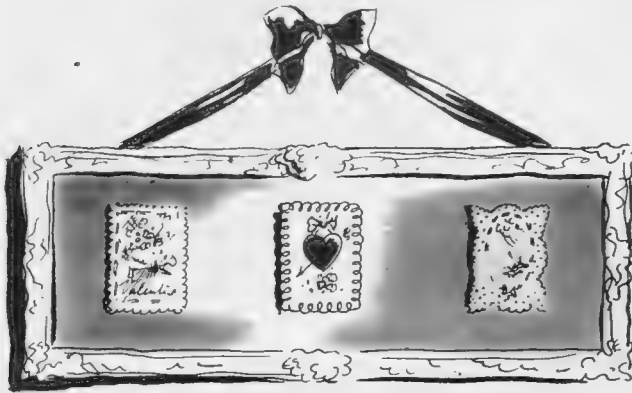


WERE WAR-WEARY

So the owner administered a nerve tonic composed of a lot of ingenuity and a very little outlay

The background of the chintz is bright pink, and the design plum and turquoise.

The window treatment, combined with the new dressing-table fitment and the freshly painted furniture, has given an entirely new aspect to the old scheme, though in reality nothing is new but the paint. The drawers section of the



A decorative gilt frame, picked up for a few shillings, is a perfect background for three exquisite Victorian valentines. The picture is supported, as usual, from behind, but for effect, is suspended with a magenta velvet ribbon

dressing-table is now a small chest. A tray with make-up requirements hides beneath the shelf-valance.

How to give the sitting-room a tonic was quite a problem. The old curtains of artificial taffeta were, literally, in holes. The chairs and upholstery of plum-coloured cotton satin were good enough to stay.

Some new curtains had to be devised somehow—but how? Bolton sheeting, which is sold for black-out purposes in

some reasonably good dark colours, including green, came to the rescue. With this, straight, full curtains were made to hang over the draped spotted muslin, which stayed as before. An austerity window treatment like this called for a touch of inspiration, and for this purpose the discarded silk curtains were useful again.

These were dyed a bright magenta and, first cutting out the worn parts, joined up in a continuous length to form the pelmet, which goes across the two windows as shown in the drawing. Odd pieces were used for a deep hem to the curtains. New lampshades seemed to be called for, so an old pink nightie was cut up to make a background for gathered overskirts of spotted muslin. These were cut from some old curtains. Pink ribbon velvet makes a decorative finish.

A rearrangement of the furniture was the next measure. The wall space between the two windows was already brightened by the addition of a pretty wallpaper panel, pale-green, with a sprig pattern of magenta and dark-green. Against this, an antique gilt mirror is hung, forming an attractive group with the table.

Another new feature of the sitting-room is the framing given to three exquisitely-coloured Victorian valentines which had been awaiting some inspiration like this.

The whole cost of refreshing the two rooms was small, but the new feeling of colour and stimulation in the flat makes the experiment worth while.



How About You?

When the house has had a spring tonic and has taken on a new charm, the time comes to give yourself a similar sort of treatment.

Ordinarily, you would dash out and buy yourself some pretty new clothes, stock up on your cosmetics and perhaps take a holiday to assist the toning-up campaign. Now, since you can't do any of these things any more, you will, if you are a really wise person, do some of the following things.

Stimulate your beauty. First get rid of all the poisons of winter by starting an inner-cleansing campaign. Do your morning exercises before a wide-open window. Drink a half-dozen long draughts of cold water throughout the day. Make one meal a day a vitamin meal of uncooked vegetables.

Next start an outside-cleansing campaign. Clean off your make-up. Steam your face under a towel over a basin of hot water. When the pores are opened, massage a little of your precious skin-food right down into the skin until it has practically disappeared. Wipe the residue away, then dash cold water in the face until the pores are braced again. This will start your complexion glowing anew.

The next step is to check up on health. You can't be fit and beautiful with even the smallest patch of decay on your teeth, with that recurring indigestion trouble or those painful twinges of rheumatism.

Go to your doctor or your dentist and get these small troubles put right. The final move is towards clothes. If there are no new ones, make the old ones look immaculate. Get busy with cleaning, pressing, removing tired buttons and replacing with new. Renew rumpled collars, passe trimming. Add something fresh if possible. Accessories must be perfectly groomed—bags clean and shapely, gloves neat, shoes polished and showing no visible signs of fatigue.

All of it can be done by attention in the most telling places.



THIS CAT HAS A SECRET ★



THE fortnight off this year, because it is not primarily for enjoyment but mainly for building up strength and fitness against another year's work, is called by many a "rest period." And it is as such that a holiday, whether of two days' or two weeks' duration should be spent.

There are many enjoyable pastimes that are themselves restful, and it is everybody's job to make certain that any rest period is used to the utmost for the rejuvenation of the body.

The most essential thing is relaxation. Every day of your rest period should include at least one hour of complete physical and mental relaxation.

The type of relaxation most necessary for you is dependent on the type of work that fills your ordinary day. If you are a manual worker, or occupy any position that necessitates physical more than mental exertion, you should strive to spend hours in complete physical relaxation.

This means that every muscle in your body should be freed from any duty; you should lie extended, in the sunshine, if possible, as that is relaxing. Try to feel yourself sinking through the earth with the soft lassitude of muscles completely relaxed.

Stretch first, feeling your muscles like a cat, and then let them jelly into utter motionlessness so that you are incapable of raising a small finger. Try your hands first. Snake your hand and wrist muscles loose, and then relax them. Wriggle your shoulders, roll your head, snake your backbone, and then relax.

Revolve your ankles, and your toes, and let them rest. Lying at complete ease, remember your eye and forehead muscles and let them, even if you are in the sun, lose their tension. Remember your jaw. There are muscles in every nook and cranny of the human body and each one must be relaxed if you are to have perfect rest.

Now, running through the body are strands of living substance called nerves. These transmit to the brain conductive impulses, and contrariwise, transmit to the body action impulses from the brain.

It is this nervous system that controls impulsive muscular action: you feel a pain of heat on your finger, the nerves tell your brain, and your brain replies by directing muscular action that will remove your hand from the danger of further burning. Therefore, it is really impossible to have physical relaxation unless your mind and nerves are also relaxed. Certain

emotions that, in a more primitive state, would call for immediate muscular action, are absolutely foreign to relaxation. Hate and anger are two of these. It is impossible to relax if your mind is attuned to hate or fear or anger because every nerve is waiting for the mental command for attack or flight.

So, if you are enjoying the sunshine, or the lack of duties that your rest period has given you, do not conjure up tensing thoughts. For the entire period of relaxation you should dwell on those things that are the most pleasing to you. You can think of beautiful scenes, beautiful flowers, beautiful perfumes.

If you are a mental worker, your first thought should be mental relaxation. Without being in the least nonchalant about the tides of war, you can and should—if inclined to worry about world affairs—turn off your radio at news sessions, forget the daily paper, and for a week or so try to live an idyllic and Lotus Land existence of forgetfulness.

Reading is, of course, the perfect form of mental relaxation, especially for those whose workaday life does not necessitate continual use of the eyes. Relaxation should not, of course, be relegated to the rest period only.

House-running wives and mothers, for instance, may get no two-weeks' rest period. They may have to depend for their relaxation or rest period on their own wise planning of the day. And this should definitely include at least a half an hour toes-up a day, with a book. A housewife has little strain on her eyes, and providing she has chosen her book wisely, the reading during her brief but daily rest period should ensure her mental relaxation and rest from household worries.

It is useless for her to lie down and think that because her feet are up she is really resting, if at the same time she is wondering when she will get time to mend Jimmy's socks and what she can give the family for dinner to-morrow.

Acquire the habit of lengthy relaxation during your holiday and then bring remnants of the habit back to fortify you through the year. Watch a fighter or a wrestler in the ring—his muscles are as relaxed as a cat during every second when action is not required so that he will be twice as strong when action is necessary.

Once you have learned to do the same, you will be in perfect control of your energies.

★ It knows how to relax, utterly and absolutely. It is important for you to know, too

Make-up is in short supply, so it is all the more necessary to keep your skin lovely beneath. One of the first steps is to get rid of blemishes. You may have none of these eruptions and discolorations that mar the surface. If so, you are lucky, because a blemish-free skin is easily coaxed into becoming a beautiful skin. If you do find blemishes, clear them up first, then start on a simple cleansing, nourishing and toning routine. And if you have to go without make-up now and then, your face will not look unfamiliar to your friends

Acne one of the commonest of all skin faults, is caused by the inflammation around the sebaceous glands of the skin. The ducts of these glands get blocked—mostly by over-abundant grease from the skin—and the first essential is to cleanse the skin thoroughly two or three times a day at least.

Use a medicated soap and rub the face vigorously with a rough face cloth, then splash with cold water to stimulate the skin tissues and invigorate the pores. As very few dry skins suffer from acne, this treatment is not too drying for the sufferer, and neither are the various antiseptic and astringent lotions that are made for the treatment of acne.

Young skins suffering from acne should be treated with slapping and a much stronger friction rub as they can stand it. Older skins should have a good cleansing lotion, then hot and cold water and perhaps an occasional mask. The Blue Mask Pack, if you can get it, is excellent for acne, because it is antiseptic, removes impurities from the pores and refines them.

Always think of acne as being self-infectious and for that reason keep your powder puffs, face cloths, and face towels not only spotlessly clean, but rinsed in a mild antiseptic lotion after washing.

If you can visit a London salon for treatment there is one that specialises in acne treatment, and has had some remarkable cures to its credit. If you have to rely on home treatment, this same salon can give you an acne ointment for night use, and a herbal lotion for stimulating and refining the pores so that they do not remain gaping, once cleansed of the blockage of grease.

Old and young skins should both use an acne lotion, under any powder foundation (most good salons make an acne lotion) or, if obtainable, a calamine lotion as a foundation. Calamine is antiseptic, and slightly astringent, therefore excellent for a greasy, acne-ridden skin. It may be too drying for a dry skin.

Internally, keep your blood-stream cleansed, see that your bowels function regularly and acquire the old skin-beautifying habit of six glasses of water a day between meals. Salads and vegetables are more important to your diet than carbo-hydrates (sugars and starches), so avoid the latter. Exercise as vigorously as possible to promote healthy circulation throughout the body enabling the blood-stream to carry away impurities instead of leaving them to coagulate and stagnate in the skin glands.

Blackheads are only another form of acne, caused when the blockage is in the actual mouth of the ducts. Steam the face. If you can get flowers of sulphur, put a tablespoonful into a basin of boiling water, bandage your eyes and hold your head encased in a towel over the steaming bowl.

After two or three minutes remove the towel, throw away the water, and press out the blackheads in front of your mirror. Put a tablespoonful of tincture of benzoin into more boiling water and steam the face again for two to three minutes. Then add

cold water to the mixture and splash the face with it. If you cannot get tincture of benzoin use a pore lotion to close the pores, or a good splashing of cold water. Most of the rules that apply to acne also apply to blackheads, such as cleanliness of skin and powder puffs, diet and exercise.

Always apply some medicated acne lotion to the skin before making up, as this prevents sagging pores and should close the pores and keep any dirt, powder and cream from collecting in them.

Moles are generally formed from a knot of capillary blood vessels, especially those that are skin level and if they are not large, hairy, and are well placed, they are called beauty spots, so do not worry about them.

If you have a mole that is really disfiguring and is not a large blotch more in the nature of a port-wine stain, you should have it removed by a specialist, do not tamper with it yourself. There are certain moles that can be safely removed with certain acids, but others cannot. Do not rely on your own judgment about it. Go to a specialist and see what he says. If it is the port-wine type of birth mark, it is impossible to remove with any treatment. A raised mole is sometimes moved by excision.

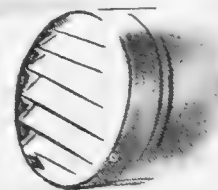
Red Veins are mainly found in the dry fine skins that are so typical of the Englishwoman. Wind and weather, hot fires and hot foods only aggravate them. Sun-tanning, on the other hand, causing a thickening of the skin tissues, tends to lessen the appearance of these veins, as they are then hidden under the thicker skin tissues.

Your main care should be always to protect your skin with a heavy foundation in bad weather, not to get overheated in front of fires of winter and then parade in its icy gales, and to nourish the skin tissues with regular and persistent skin food applications so that the fine surface skin thickens and hides and protects the tiny veins.

Avoid over hot or over spiced foods and drinks and alcohol as these tend to flush the face, distend the capillary veins and aggravate the trouble. Keep your system cleansed thoroughly, as any lack of care in this respect makes the blood sluggish and it will refuse to flow naturally and evenly through the surface veins of the face. Take a saline in the morning to cleanse the blood-stream and be healthily active as far as exercise is concerned.



SPOTLIGHT



By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1



Mother and Child are Doing Well

Most women nowadays come right out into the open and admit that the hardest part of motherhood is the sacrifice of personal freedom.

This, at one time, would have been thought a traitorous confession. Only the most unnatural of women would have dared to say—whatever she might have thought in secret—that there was anything but joy in being chained to her baby's side for a given number of years. Our views on this subject have been changing for some time, but it took the war to prove that a judicious degree of separation for mothers and

babies has a salutary effect on both sides.

The war has enforced this separation. It has taken mothers into war work and broken the shackles which formerly condemned the average mother to what was frequently years of monotonous baby minding, during which her contacts with outside affairs grew less and less.

Too often in the past she has emerged from this sentence with her looks impaired, her poise undermined and her intellectual attractions confined to mother-talk.

The war nurseries give ample proof of the tonic effect upon mothers and children of seeing a little less of each other. Their experiences are proving that when children throw off the complexes which frequently arise from too much mothering, they are happier beings mentally and physically. As for the mothers, the effects of their release from too much confinement in the home and too much pondering upon the problems of baby rearing have only the most beneficial results.

It is only natural that mothers should at first resent the suggestion that strangers can do a better job of mothering than themselves. Actually no such suggestion could, in reason, be made. Nobody in their senses will claim that it is possible to replace the influence of mother love, but a judicious mixture of mothering and professional care is proving to be the ideal.

Mother love is, in itself, the factor most active in depriving children of that physical and mental independence which is essential to normal development. The daily separation for a few hours which war work is bringing to so many mothers and children provides the basis for this independence and opens up a wider field of contact for both sides. Any fears mothers may have about losing touch with their babies' affection are groundless. In the nurseries where the little inmates play happily all day and, apparently, without a momentary pang of homesickness, it is a delight to see the smile of joy which breaks upon each face when, in the evening, a nurse comes to the door with the magic call sign: "Mummy's here."

You cannot so easily interrupt the ties between mother and child if they are rooted in real love and understanding. The services of others will suffice and suffice brilliantly for many practical matters, but that sort of love comes from one source only and cannot be reproduced.

On the other hand they will tell you at the war nurseries that mothers who had grown nervous and overstrained in day and night service to a little one have become pretty and carefree again, through shifting the responsibilities of mothering on to other shoulders for a while and renewing their contacts with things outside the home. Their love is no less because their nerves are soothed, but, in fact, the joys of motherhood are much enhanced.

As for the babies, they appear to thrive upon the daily separation. Discipline, scientific feeding, above all, a clockwork routine, bring forth, in many cases, a quite spectacular improvement in health and temper. The

presence of other children is always good. They learn to mix, to share their pleasures, and the only child, particularly, is released from the monotony which inevitably affects his home.

Of course there are initial troubles even in the war nurseries. Little people who have been used to one hundred per cent attention from somebody who—like mother—is amenable to coercion in many different ways, find themselves in a new and somewhat surprising atmosphere. It comes as a shock to some of them to discover that, although their every need is fulfilled with loving kindness, they cannot command attention merely for attention's sake.

There is hardly, if ever, a case in which the child does not develop a sunnier and more equable mien when the lesson is learnt. Mothers endorse this fact as readily as any, and in many instances marvel at the ease with which a baby who has proved most intractable at home will submit to the persuasive discipline of the trained nursery staff.

Complexes about food, about sleeping and mixing disappear like mist before the sun when children find themselves part of a scientific routine which fulfils their physical and psychological needs, and yet does not exist for them alone.

All this implies no disparagement of a mother's capabilities, but merely acknowledges the practical impossibility (especially where there is only one child) of exercising that restraint which makes perfection of a mother's care.

The time has gone past when women who have been given the advantage of education and an active part in the world's councils can be expected solely to confine themselves to domestic routine.

Tradition persists and there are still many who believe that no finer task can fall to any woman's lot than that of motherhood. This is not in dispute. What we must acknowledge, and acknowledge generously, is the truth that motherhood is not inextricably enmeshed with household chores.

A woman can still be a supremely successful mother though she delegates some of the essential tasks of mothering to others. It may even be that she will be a better mother on this account.

Her wider intelligence, her release from monotony—given, of course, a normal degree of attachment to her home—can only be to the advantage of her children.

Nature endows most women with the qualities of a mother, but it cannot be disputed that intelligence enhances these natural qualities beyond expression.

We must look forward to an after the war development on a really wide scale of the day nursery plan. This means divesting ourselves of prejudice and regarding the day nursery, like the school, as an essential part of the educational plan. This will ensure a bright future for women who might still enjoy the privileges of motherhood without those disadvantages which so often leave their unfortunate impress upon family life.



**-For Her,
More Freedom**

Ruched Simplicity



ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl;
m. = make; sl. = slip;
sts. = stitches; tog.
= together; beg. =
beginning; ins. =
inches; rep. = repeat;
patt. = pattern;
st.st. = stocking stitch.
K. side of ruching is
right side

MATERIALS

6 ozs. Sirdar 2-ply
Super Shetland; No. 11
needles; 6 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length,
20 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 102 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib
for 4 ins. Change to st.st. and m. 1 st.
at beg. and end of every 4th row until
there are 134 sts. Work straight until side
seams are 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end
of every row until there are 102 sts. Work
straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 5 sts.
at beg. of next 14 rows, leaving 32 sts. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 56 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Change to
st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there
are 88 sts. Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. K. 2
tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts.
Cast off.

THE FRONT

Cast on 122 sts. Work as back (with the 20 extra sts.) until
there are 154 sts. Work straight until side seams are 13 ins.
Now on a k. row, k. 2 tog., k. 78. Leave other 74 sts. on
holder until later. Turn. K. 4 sts., p. to end of row, ending
p. 2 tog. Continue to dec. at armhole edge, and keep 4 centre
edge sts. always k. until there are 16 decreases at armhole
edge. Work 2 ins. straight. Now on a k. row, work 16 sts.,
k. 2 tog., work to end. Continue straight, and work this
decreasing row every 6th row until armhole is 6 ins.

MATERIALS

8 ozs. Sirdar 3-ply Super Shetland; No. 11 and No. 7 needles; 11 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; Sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in. with No. 11 needles.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 116 sts. Work st.st. starting p. for 9 rows.
On 10th row change to No. 7 needles, and work all k. and work twice into
every 4th st.

Next row.—P. Next row.—K. Rep. these last 2 rows twice more then
one more p. row. **18th row.**—* K. 3, k. 2 tog.,
rep. from * to reduce to 116 sts. again. Rep.
these 18 rows, and m. 1 st. on 2nd row
with No. 11's at beg. and end of row (then
working the increasing on 10th rows on extra
sts. also) until there are 6 No. 11 bars and
6 No. 7 bars (126 sts.). Now, work the
reducing row (18th), then, on No. 11 rows,
cast off 7 sts. at beg. of first 2.

Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of all
next No. 11 rows (98 sts.). Continue
the ruching patt. and keep edges
straight until armholes are 8 ins.
round curve (or 8½ ins. to end on one
of the No. 11 rows). Now cast off
7 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows leaving
28 sts. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 68 sts. with No. 11
needles. Work the patt. as in
back and m. 1 st. at right
edge of work on 2nd No. 11
row on 2nd No. 11 bar (to
correspond to back) and all
2nd rows on No. 11 bars
(Continued on page 56)



The Classic Shirt

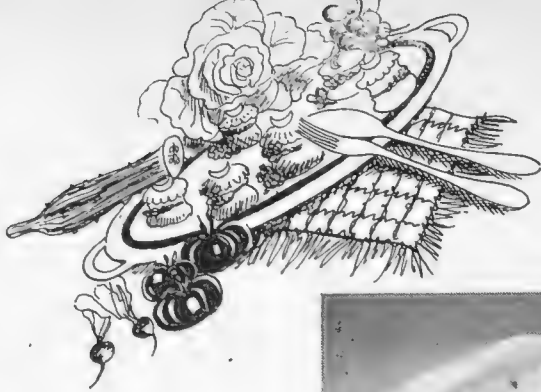
Cast off 6 sts. at neck. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every
row until there are 35 sts. Cast off 5 sts. at armhole edge on
every other row 7 times. Return to other side and work all
st.st. on these 74 sts. and k. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every
row until there are 16 decreases (58 sts.). Work 2 ins. straight.
Now on a k. row, k. to within 18 sts., k. 2 tog. K. to end.
Continue straight and work this decrease row every 6th row
until armhole is 6 ins. round curve. Cast off 2 sts. at neck.
K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 35 sts.
Cast off 5 sts. at armhole edge on every other row 7 times.

THE BUTTONHOLE STRIP

Cast on 16 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2 rows. Now rib
7 sts., k. 2 tog., w.fd., rib to end. This forms buttonhole.
Rep. it every inch until there are four. Now work 1½ ins. rib.
K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are no sts. left.

COLLAR

Cast on 118 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib and m. 1 st. at beg.
and end of every other row by working (Continued on page 56)



COLD

With a reasonably hearty centre-piece, a nicely arranged hors d'œuvre will make a pleasant and satisfying hot-day meal. Here's one idea—pound canned pilchards (which many people dislike in the ordinary way) in a bowl with a little of their oil, plenty of pepper and some chopped parsley, fennel or tarragon from the garden. Serve with hors d'œuvre as a "pâté maison."

Try these, too—cooked vegetable marrow cut in cubes dressed with salad cream, and garnished with tomato. Cooked french beans with french dressing (use top milk instead of oil for this). Slices of ordinary pork sausage (cooked), mixed with cole slaw (raw cabbage marinated in a dressing). Cold mackerel, flaked, marinated, and scattered thickly with finely chopped fennel.



A half-pint jelly square, some stoned, cooked and sweetened plums, a baked flan case produce a sweet that looks—and tastes—pre-war



Pea pods and water, added to fried onion, simmered, jellied, sieved, seasoned, chilled, make a delicious cold soup

HOME-MADE SALAD CREAM

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3 oz. flour; | 5 teaspoonfuls vinegar; |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and vegetable water mixed; | $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls thin mustard; Salt and pepper. |

Blend flour with a little of the liquid. Boil remainder of liquid, and pour on to blended flour. Return to saucepan, and cook gently for five minutes. Add vinegar, mustard, salt and pepper and stir while mixture cools.

SWISS FINGERS

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1 small tomato; | 1 tablespoonful mashed |
| 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley; | potato; |
| 1 teaspoonful fish or meat paste; | $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. margarine; |
| or 1 tablespoonful minced cooked fish or meat; | Salt; |
| | Pepper; |
| | Parsley for garnish. |

Skin the tomato and chop finely. Mix all the ingredients together and spread on thin slices of bread toasted one side, to make a four-decker sandwich. Cut into four and decorate the top of each square with a small piece of tomato and a sprig of parsley.

PEA SOUP FRAPPÉ

- | | |
|--|--|
| Pods from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 lb. peas; | 1 quart water or stock; |
| 1 small onion, shallot or 4 spring onions; | A few cooked peas as garnish (optional); |
| 1 oz. fat; | Salt and pepper; |
| Sprigs of mint; | Sugar. |

See that pods are well washed, and reject any that are not quite fresh. Chop the onion and fry it in the fat without browning in a saucepan. Add the water and the pea pods. Simmer till soft (about fifty minutes) and rub through a sieve. Add salt and pepper and a pinch of sugar. Put in the cooked peas. When cold, put on ice. Serve when thoroughly chilled.

If you prefer a jelly soup, soften 1 tablespoonful gelatine in a little

cold water and add to the hot liquid, stirring until dissolved.

CHEESE CASTLES

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 pint custard (unsweetened); | 3 oz. grated cheese; |
| 1 breakfastcupful breadcrumbs; | Salt, pepper, mustard. |

Mix the crumbs with the custard powder, and make the custard in the usual way. Add the grated cheese, and season to taste. Pour into small moulds and allow to set. Turn out on to individual plates of green salad.

BACON AND SAUSAGE PIE

- | | |
|--|---|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pork sausage meat or sausages; | 2 tablespoonfuls water, stock or gravy; |
| 2 oz. bacon (as fat as possible); | 1 tablespoonful gelatine dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ teacup water; |
| 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley, sage and thyme; | Salt and pepper. |

Pastry for raised crust

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 6 oz. flour; | 1 teaspoonful salt; |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lard; | 1 teacupful milk and water to mix. |

Sift flour and salt into a warmed basin. Bring fat and milk and water just to the boil. Make a hollow in the centre of the flour and mix in the hot liquid with a wooden spoon. Work to a dough and knead till smooth.

Grease a pie dish or cake tin and roll out two-thirds of the dough to line it. If sausages are used, skin them.

Make the pie filling with alternate layers of sausage meat and chopped bacon. Add salt, pepper, herbs and liquid. Cover the pie with rest of pastry, make a hole in the centre and cook in a hot oven (about fifty minutes). Melt gelatine in warm water and pour into pie. Leave to get quite cold.

Serve with green salad.

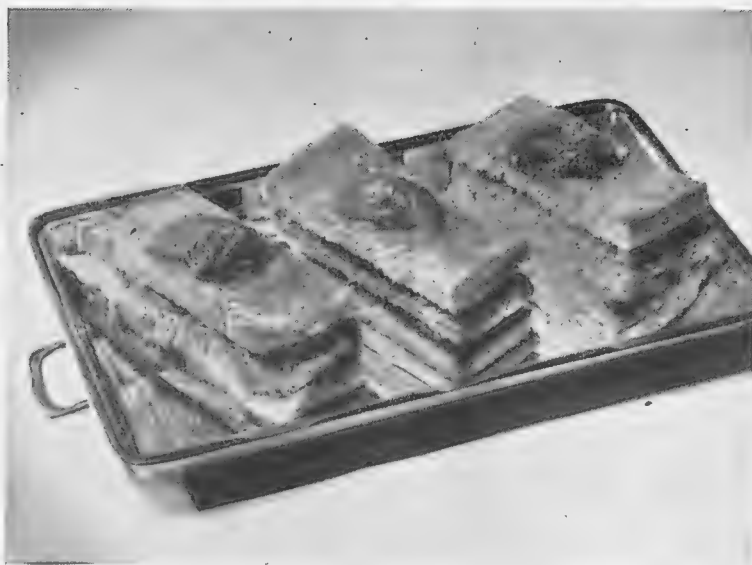
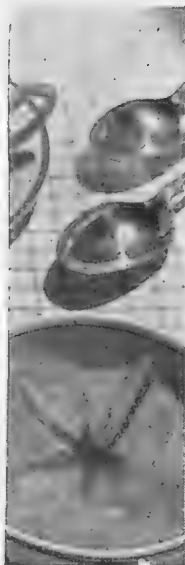
AMERICAN ROLL

- | |
|---|
| 6 oz. American canned pork sausage meat; |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked carrot, mashed; |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fine browned breadcrumbs; |
| 1 teaspoonful baking powder; |
| 8 oz. flour; |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt; |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 oz. fat from the can of meat. |

Mix thoroughly together the meat, breadcrumbs and carrots, moistening with a little carrot water. Rub



SNACKS



An interesting four-decker sandwich of bread, toasted one side, spread with tomato mixed with cooked fish, mashed potato and seasoning

fat into flour and add salt. Make a dry paste, using as little water as possible.

Roll out the paste about half an inch thick. Make the sausage mixture into a roll and lay it on the paste, which you then fold round it. Damp the edges, and pinch well together.

Grease a baking tin and put in the roll (sealed edge down). Bake about half an hour in a hot oven. Serve cold with Russian salad made with french beans, cubed carrot and cubed turnip, garnished with strips of beetroot.

JELLIED FISH MOULD

Left-over or canned fish (about 6 oz.);	2 or 3 tablespoonfuls cooked peas;
4 slices beetroot } cut in	1 tablespoonful vinegar;
4 slices cucumber } match strips;	1 tablespoonful gelatine;
2 tablespoonfuls diced new potatoes (cooked);	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint water or stock;
	Salt;
	Pepper.

Have ready a wetted mould. Melt gelatine in the water and cool the mould with it. Put in the ingredients, seasoning well. Pour over the rest of the liquid and turn out when set. Serve with a border of lettuce.

LUNCHEON SALAD

Left-over cold meat, diced;	Watercress;
About 2 tablespoonfuls each of four cold cooked vegetables—green peas, runner beans, new potatoes (cubed), beetroot (cubed);	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated raw carrot or turnip;
	Chopped chives or onion;
	Chopped parsley or chervil;
	Dressing.

Mix the four cooked vegetables and leave to marinade. Put them in the salad bowl, and dispose the meat round in small heaps. Between these place bunches of watercress. Scatter grated carrot and chopped herbs over.

STUFFED TOMATO SALAD

4 large tomatoes;	1 dessertspoonful chopped pickles
1 tablespoonful chopped cucumber;	or shallots;
1 tablespoonful cold cooked peas;	1 dessertspoonful chopped parsley;
Few scraps cold cooked fish or meat, chopped (optional);	Lettuce;
	Salt cream;
	Salt and pepper.

Halve the tomatoes and scoop out the flesh, which you mix thoroughly with the other ingredients (except lettuce and salad cream). Reserve a little parsley. Stuff the tomatoes with the mixture and decorate with a little parsley sprinkled over. Serve on a bed of lettuce leaves and hand mayonnaise separately.

By Harriet Muir

Preserving Jinters



Don't use over-ripe fruit for jam—it may not set well. Pectin and acid, the stuff which makes jam set, are at the top of their form when the fruit is only just ripe.

Minimum quantity of sugar is $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. to the pound of fruit. This is enough for cherries, pears and strawberries; but with other fruits the use of less than 1 lb. of sugar to 1 lb. of fruit may endanger its keeping properties. In any case, it is wiser to cover when hot with an airtight cover, as in bottled fruit.

I have seen amateur jam makers remove the scum from jam as it boils. But they shouldn't. Take the jam from the fire when it reaches setting point, let the bubbles subside and only then remove the scum. It's the best way—and it saves a lot of trouble.

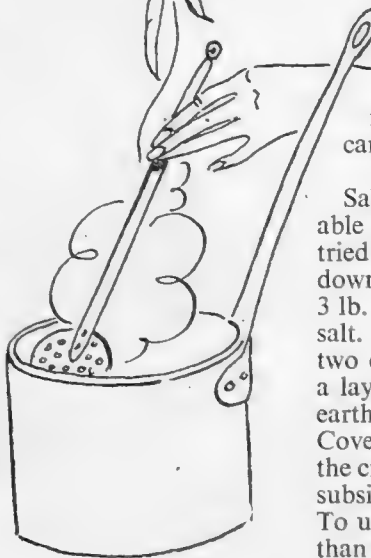
Try to spare enough sugar to bottle sour fruits such as gooseberries in syrup instead of in plain water, which is good enough for raspberries and other sweet fruits. To make syrup, allow 6 oz. sugar to 1 pint water. Melt sugar in water and bring to boil.

Easiest way to bottle plums is with Campden tablets. They will discolour, but the flavour is unaffected.

If you haven't enough sugar to bottle or jam all your fruit, pulp some of it without sugar to use later with added sugar for pies and tarts. Stew the fruit in a very little water. Pour into clean hot jars and seal immediately. Now put the bottles in a pan of hot water, bring to the boil, and boil five minutes. Put on a board to cool, and firmly seal before storing.

Besides the more usual red cabbage or onions, damsons make an excellent pickle. Sugar can be omitted if you are short of it.

Salted runner beans are so valuable in winter that no one who has tried them will forget to put some down this year. Remember—to 3 lb. beans, at least 1 lb. of cooking salt. Just string the beans, break in two or slice, and put a layer of salt, a layer of beans and so on in a big earthenware jar, finishing with salt. Cover with a board and add more as the crop comes along. The beans will subside in the jar as the salt liquefies. To use the beans, soak for not more than two hours and cook without salt.





Holiday at Home

It isn't Where You Go for your Time Off, but What You Do with your Time Off that counts

Plainly, we shall be on holiday at home this year and the big query for a little while is how to make a holiday at home seem fun.

The first move is rather subtle. You draw a veil discreetly across all those pre-war notions of relaxation. Sun-drenched days on the shore, snow-tipped peaks and gondolas on the grand canal are out. Forget all that and tell yourself you are about to enter upon an exciting adventure in your own back yard. After all, perhaps you are. To facilitate the process, put on your rose-coloured glasses and reflect upon the advantages of not going away.

Travelling is very tiresome and expensive and, in these times, apt to last a long while. Your ideal resort is dreaming beneath a blue sky and, probably, the blue sky is frequently dotted with nasty black aeroplanes. There are soldiers everywhere, bless them, and their one preoccupation seems to be erecting tangles of barbed wire around the only places worth going to.

Finally, you can adopt a comfortable nonchalance towards the weather. If it is bad you are lucky to be at home and not wasting your money in some draughty village. If it is good, you are still lucky because good weather is an advantage whatever you are doing.

You can go on counting your blessings like this until it is time to stop and make practical plans for what you will actually do when your holiday begins.

Begin by asking yourself what you really want. Relaxation, I suppose, will be the first thing. That shouldn't be difficult. Change is the second thing and you can have that too at the cost of a little ingenuity. Stimulation is third and very important. You want something to make this holiday memorable. Something that will cause you to look back and say, "Do you remember that wartime holiday when...?"

About relaxation. Do relax mentally as well as physically. Put work out of your mind. Besides lounging in bed late and taking an afternoon nap, you can give your brain a rest in other ways. It won't hurt to cancel the order for the daily paper for a few days. Put the war news aside and discourage all controversial topics. This is your rest cure and you are entitled to indulge in a little escapism.

Do some light reading. Don't undertake some strenuous job of dressmaking or distemp'ring the kitchen. Don't do anything likely to tax your nerves or demand sustained concentration unless it is pleasurable.

Physical exercise is helpful in attaining complete mental relaxation. If you are normally engaged upon a sedentary occupation, a week of manual labour on a farm—information from your County War Agricultural executive committee—or in the garden is a fine soothing syrup. Sometimes it is the only way to rest a seriously overtaxed nervous system.

Change won't come home to you. You must go out and find it. The complete change comes from doing something different.

Fishing may seem a fatuous occupation to you but it is the salt of life to some people, so there must be something in it. Why not find out what it is? Try fishing. From all you know it may turn out to be the most fascinating occupation you ever got started in. It will certainly take you into pleasant places.

Or, if fishing and you simply can't get along, make this holiday the time for learning to swim, if you can't swim.

Have a turkish bath and a series of good body massages. Play some squash. Go to the ballet. Think of all the things you have long wanted to try and never got around to and then try them, or try as many as you have time for.

Stimulation will follow naturally enough upon these things. You will meet new people, see fresh places, start new interests and find new occupations. There are two big don'ts before you start enjoying your holiday at home.

Don't fritter the time away, leisure is too precious.

Don't exhaust yourself trying to catch up on dreary left-over tasks that have been piling up during your working hours. It

would certainly be nice to catch up, of course, but this is your holiday and if you want to be a fit and useful member of the community you had better make a good job of it.



.....
If your holiday doesn't ring true without something new to wear, classic, undating grey flannel shorts and silk shirt are good coupon value. These by Jaeger, worn with a bright, studded leather belt, look equally right at Roehampton and in your own back yard



BRINGING IT HOME TO US



THE men who sail the life-lines of Britain are facing hardships and peril day and night, all the way. They are facing the risks without hesitation because they know that Britain relies on the food and the munitions they bring.

Think what these gallant merchantmen are doing for you—what are you doing for them?

These men may only have a few hours in port. Make it a happy time for them by helping the Y.M.C.A. to greet them as they should be greeted. Help us to carry on with the job—a haven of comfort and warm friendship for our sailors wherever they come ashore. And if they are able to snatch a little leave to go home, let them be sure of finding the Y.M.C.A. at the station to help them on their way. It's money

we need—give us the money and we'll do the job. The Y.M.C.A. is doing great work, humane work, work you'll want to be associated with, for every man and woman in *all* the Services, at home and overseas. Here's your chance to do something for those who are doing so much for you. Thank them—but in a practical way—

Put your thanks in an envelope to the **Y.M.C.A.**

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Acting President: The National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund, The Mansion House,
London, E.C.4. Please mark your envelope "Y.M.C.A."

I am glad to contribute £ : : to the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund

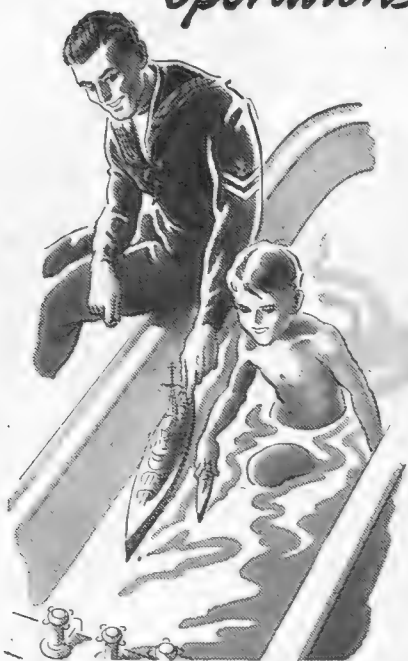
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Address _____

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Every contribution will be acknowledged

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WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

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KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER, for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d per tin.

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The Knock At Your Door

Above the din of propaganda, criticisms, promises, aeroplanes, sirens, and all other war noises, can you hear opportunity knocking?

The last war helped to give enfranchisement to women. This war gives even greater opportunities, practical ones that, if neglected, will not recur. Now is the time for women to improve their mental status, their position, to widen their interests and creep out of any rut they might have been in.

All this depends on whether you want to alter your life at all. These opportunities are easily missed if you are dull-eyed, timid, or lethargic; if you persist in trying to ignore the war and float among the froth of life—a scummy froth in wartime.

Perhaps, as a housewife, you have always longed to follow your husband into the workaday world. You have every opportunity these days, with crèches for the younger children, and part-time jobs offering in nearly every part of the country. You can meet new people, cultivate new interests.

If you are a child-lover, and may not have any children of your own, you can surround yourself with children at a crèche, looking after the children of working wives, evacuees or refugees.

If you like office work, the local W.V.S. will surely be able to put some in your way. If you fancy your organising ability the W.V.S. will help you in this, too.

There is so much to talk about these days that it is not difficult to learn to become a good talker. Party and home politics may not in the past have been dramatic enough to catch your interest, but war politics, and world affairs are interesting enough to intrigue the quietest little stay-at-home. Once interested, it is a simple matter to become knowledgeable.

There are so many vital books to be read on these vital subjects, so many people ready to exchange opinions with you.

The family's eldest daughter, or youngest daughter, or only daughter, may have lived in the shelter of her home for twenty-five years—always yearning for adventure but lacking the fire to seek it—now she is

gathered up into the war effort whether she will or not.

The office worker who is tired of indoor life has a chance to join up with some unit that will ensure outdoor work, manual work, young companionship and adventure through service, knowing that there is every chance of her job being returned when the war ends and that it cannot be held against her that she left just for a change of occupation.

City girls can try their hand at country life in the Land Army and, if they hold any ideas of becoming small farmers, and trying to make a living with hens, berry bushes, spring onions and salads, now is the time to learn the trade.

It may be grim with only cows and rabbits to talk to most of the day, and you may pine for the crowded streets of the city. If you do, then you have not missed your true vocation, because you are a city dweller and will know not to venture too far from the traffic lights once the war is over.

Local dances and entertainments for the forces-on-the-spot offers the chance of pleasant male companionship and friendship to women who were formerly hedged away from it by a dull home routine that gave no such contacts.

You may belong to a family that has always provided for its daughters to stay at home, and while longing for a job, had no incentive to take one.

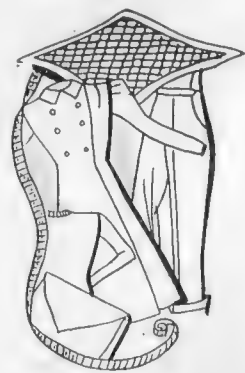
Now no matter what your age, duty will take the place of incentive and push you out into the world.

Perhaps you have never had quite enough pocket money, and have longed to take some post or other and have only been hindered by a Victorian idea of your social standing and its requirements. Now you can take a job with every excuse in the world; retain every vestige of your pride and also add to your pocket money.

Look to your life and search out what it needs in the way of opportunity; and the chances are that this war will give them to you. Analyse your character and find what it needs to improve or strengthen it. If you have the courage to seize your opportunities you cannot help improving yourself mentally and physically.

Austerity diet forces us to eat balanced meals. Willy nilly the fat ones are helped to slim. Coupons and dress restrictions give women the chance to be smartly simple.

The opportunities offering are varied, and legion. No matter what your interests, what your desires for the future you should be able to further those interests and desires somehow, while helping to ensure that the future will be yours to plan for, yours to improve.



South Atlantic Incident

(Continued from page 12)

had to show this crazy fool the angles were against him, that he'd be killed if he stayed. "What happens to you when those Germans come aboard?"

Martin glanced at the gun. "I'll have time enough. The cruiser knows our course. I won't have to bother about position. And nothing much is going to happen to me now, Joe."

"No," Joe said. "They'll kill you. Don't you understand? They've got doctors on those raiders. Surgeons. They can fix you up if you—"

"Don't be a fool! Don't you think I know how it is with me? Don't you think a man knows when he's through. I'm all gone inside. A half-hour, an hour, what difference can it make to me?"

Martin shifted in his chair, pain streaking his face. "We figured this might happen. Three of us can operate this set, and if it did happen we had agreed to draw lots—if the radio shack remained intact. And it did, Joe. And now we don't have to draw lots. That's what makes it so easy. A man does what he has to do, you said. And who else is there now but you and I? Do you think I could do as much to help if I'd got safely to Suez? And you know what'll happen if I fail too, don't you?"

"No," Joe said hoarsely. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know anything about it. I've got a job to do and I did it—"

"And I'm going to do mine. What about those six Canadians? And my friends from Martinique? Know how they got here? Six of them are from the cruiser *Emile Bertin*. The others came from a French cargo boat that the English brought to Martinique. Later the crew were sent to Martinique. They got hold of an old broken-down sloop. They spent three months patching it up on the sly and they finally got away, sailing to Barbados for water and what supplies they could beg, and then to Trinidad, Georgetown, Belem and on to Recife. Luckily I heard about them and luckily I had money enough to help. That's how they got aboard, Joe. And you know what happens to them if the Nazis get them? They're deserters. They'll be stood up against a wall."

MARTIN was leaning forward, holding the edge of the table, a feverish intensity in his stare and in his voice. "What about the trucks and tanks and supplies we're carrying now? Three or four million dollars' worth. They're gone now, aren't they? But you don't care if this raider gets away and sinks a dozen more like us."

"Sure I care," Joe said, and stood up. He felt hot and miserable and his eyes were blurry. He didn't know what to say. He had a feeling there should be some other answer to this but he couldn't find it. "All right," he said and had to clear his throat before he could speak. "All right, if that's the way you want it."

"Good boy."

Joe glanced outside. The *Pennara* was down by the stern now but steady, and they were ready to lower away on the port life-boat aft. That was his station but it didn't matter, for there was still another. He looked at Martin, then dropped his eyes because he could not face the twisted grin. He wanted desperately to say something flip and comforting but his heart was like a rock and all he could think of was: "You all right? You got everything you want?"

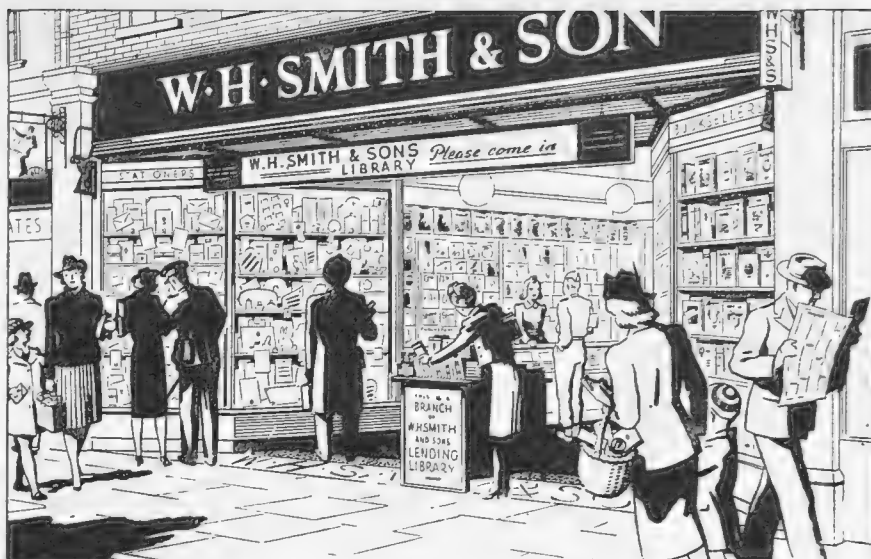
"There's one thing," Henri Martin said, though it must have been an effort for him to speak now. "If there's time."

"There's time."

"I have a flask of brandy in my cabin. It—it might help. In a pigskin bag. If there's time."

Joe stepped out and slid unnoticed along the starboard side of the house, hearing the old man bawl from the bridge: "Lower away, but don't slip her. I'm coming!"

Joe found the pigskin bag under a rubble of overhead that (Continued on page 50)



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South Atlantic Incident

had caved in, and snatched out a bottle nearly full. He pushed his way out of the cabin, ran along the passage-way and climbed the starboard ladder. The last boat had been lowered now, but he could tell from the tension on the falls that it had not been slipped, that the old man was still aboard. He was breathing hard as he ran across the deck and ducked through the doorway; then his heart leaped and he nearly dropped the bottle. For Henri Martin lay sprawled upon the floor, the toppled chair beside him.

"Henri!" Joe Bronson yelled, his voice ragged and stiff as he dropped to his knees. "Henri!"

He pulled a shoulder that was limp under his hand, rolling the man on his back. His stomach heaved at the sight of that blood-soaked towel, but he shook the shoulder and spoke his name and then, in desperation, felt for a pulse beat. He could not tell at first because of the pounding of his own heart, and then, when he was sure, he sat back on his heels, stunned and faint inside.

He got wearily to his feet and blinked back the tears, for he was young; in his experience there had never been anything like this, and it took a while to make the necessary adjustments.

It was the old man's voice that pulled him out of it, the old man yelling something to the lifeboat which rode alongside. Only then did Joe Bronson begin to realise what Martin's death really meant. Then, all at once, the tension struck at him and he caught his breath, and in his brain a sentence flamed: "Who else is there now, but you and I?"

"No, you don't!" Joe Bronson yelled, and now his face was ugly and tears came with his anger and frustration. "No, you don't. It wasn't my idea."

He wheeled and stepped to the doorway. The after fall of the last lifeboat slackened suddenly before his eyes and he knew it was pulling away. But there was time. He could slide down a line and they would pick him up.

He took another step and glanced over his shoulder. He stopped, unable to pull his gaze away from that still figure on the floor. Then, shoulders sagging, he stepped back into the radio shack and closed the door, the tears streaking down his face and the hinge of his jaw white.

"Oh, damn you!" he said savagely. "Damn you!"

FOR a minute or so his body seemed detached and he had no wish to think, but moved mechanically, straightening the chair, placing Henri Martin's body gently to one side, picking up the automatic and examining it. Presently he stepped to the starboard window and glanced out, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand.

Less than half a mile away the raider sat like a ship of ambush, watching him. The first of the *Penndara's* boats was alongside now and he could see the occupants going up a ladder. White-clad figures lowered a stretcher from the deck for someone who was injured and presently the boat was empty and the second one took its place. The third and last was still a quarter of a mile away when a grey motor lifeboat slid around the raider's stern, followed by a second.

He began to try and count the strokes of the old man's boat so he wouldn't think. He could not use his key until all were safe aboard the raider, and either this would be done before the raider's crew arrived or it would not be done at all. He concentrated on his counting, watching the motor boats draw nearer while the other drew slowly closer to the raider.

"Hurry, will you?" he said, and was startled by the sound of his voice. He spoke again, just for the fun of it, and suddenly he wasn't nervous or scared any more, but bitterly occupied with his assignment.

First one motor boat and then the other slid from sight alongside the *Penndara*, one angling towards the forward well-deck, the second towards the after ladder. He glanced

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towards the raider again, realising for the first time that the sun was up and everything was bright. The old man was just going up the ladder and so Joe Bronson turned from the window and stepped back in the shadows, standing in the doorway of the partition between the radio room and the bunk room.

Through the forward windows he could command a good view of the deck, and seconds later he saw a white-clad officer running up the ladder to the bridge. Voices, shouted commands, came to him faintly. Two marines followed the officer, and in a moment two others appeared around the chart room bulkhead and started towards him, grim, business-like figures in their tropical whites and broad belts. Both were young, both were tall. One, the huskier of the two, carried a rifle with bayonet fixed, an automatic at his hip; the other had a sub-machine gun slung across his arm and two potato masher grenades stuck in his belt.

Joe Bronson drew back behind the inner door, holding his breath. *You don't have to do this, he thought. You haven't touched the key. You can put your hands up and walk out and you'll be all right.* But still he stood there, watching through the crack with the tension winding up inside him. Now they were blocking the doorway. They were inside, bulking formidably in the little room, grunting with surprise when they saw the still figure on the floor with the red-stained towel across its chest.

"*Todi,*" the slender one said, examining Martin. He said something else in German and his companion said: "*Jawohl,*" and backed through the doorway, his footsteps fading quickly into silence.

JOE BRONSON slid his fingers snugly around the automatic and waited, watching this blond German who was no older than himself, and who, with but a glance through the doorway to the bunk room, turned to the instrument panel and raised the sub-machine gun, butt first.

"Take it easy," Joe said, and stepped away from the door, his automatic levelled.

The German froze, eyes bulging and his jaw slack.

"That's swell," Joe said. "Sprechen sie English? Back up. In the corner, chum."

For a moment the man hesitated. His mouth closed and his eyes narrowed. He looked at the automatic. He measured Joe and what he saw was a solidly built youth with curly copper hair, a slant to his rugged jaw that promised no good, and a tight hard grin that dared him to swing the gun. Then the moment was gone and he was backing up as Joe advanced.

"Don't be a fool," he said, with but a trace of an accent.

"Ah," Joe said. "Now we can get along. In the corner, and put the gun on the floor, butt first. Swell. Now turn around."

He drew the sub-machine gun to him, put the automatic in the other's back and withdrew the grenades. He retreated and sat down at the table, the gun and grenades at his feet; he put on the headset and dialled his receiver to the proper wave-band.

"Open your mouth or make a move and I let you have it." He switched the automatic to his left hand and felt for the key. He gave it a couple of licks and then began to spank it in earnest.

A series of R's came first, and this alone would be enough if the radioman on the cruiser was on his job; then a signature; then: *Shelled by German raider at 5.40. Send plane. All hands now aboard raider.*

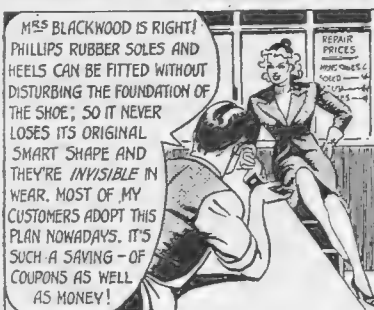
He got most of this out before the raider sounded recall, and after that Joe Bronson wasn't sure just what came through his ear-phones because of the din outside. He heard the cruiser's reply and kept spanking his own key and always in the background the raider's whistle was blasting out urgent staccato notes and her siren was wailing in accompaniment.

The marine turned at the first sound, his face rigid. He spoke excitedly, lapsing into German. Joe aimed the gun.

"Sure," he said. "When you got to go, you got to go. And (Continued on page 52)

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If you belong to this second group, you may in the past have been able to drive away that tired, depressed look temporarily with facials or new hair-do's or by taking extra pains with clothes and make-up. But now that these aids are not easily obtainable, why not try to cure that sense of frustration and unhappiness?

When you feel everything about you is wrong, sit down and think out a clear-cut plan for your life — write on a slip of paper what you would like to do and the person you would like to be.

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to make yourself an authority on at least one subject. Does this new YOU speak a foreign language? Then brush up your knowledge by taking lessons. Does she dance divinely? Get someone to teach you the correct steps; then practise them. Is she a good hostess? Learn by giving little parties. Take up an outdoor hobby — walking, cycling, or, better still, gardening. Keep your mind alert by taking an interest in everything that happens.

And surely this new YOU looks lovely! Don't despair because you can't get all the cosmetics you need — your new accomplishments will bring you a new vivacity and charm. And save the Icilma creams, powder and shampoo you can buy for the occasions when you want to look specially radiant and lovely.

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South Atlantic Incident

that's what makes it good. She won't dare shell me till you guys are clear."

When he heard shouts forward he slipped off the headphones and stood up, motioning the German to the door. He tucked the grenades into his belt and slung the machine gun over his left arm, still pointing the automatic with his right. Then, as he stepped up behind the other, he heard running footsteps coming from aft along the deck and spoke quietly.

"Tell him to keep going. Tell him you'll be right along. If he stops here you get it first."

A marine loped into view and Joe, standing to one side and peering out the door, saw him swerve. Then his prisoner was yelling something, his voice tense with fear. The other marine yelled something back and kept on going.

Joe blew out his breath. "O.K.," he said. "Here we go." He peered out again. The deck was clear. The raider was still blasting recall and beginning to turn as he got under way. Joe poked the gun against the German's back. "Walk!"

They moved across to the corner of the bulkhead forward where Joe stopped. Below he could see two men going over the side and down the ladder, and he was glad that Germans had been trained to obey orders so unquestioningly.

"You're on your own," he said. "I've got you covered, but if you follow those guys you'll be O.K. Open your yap and I toss these grenades smack into the boat. Beat it!"

He jabbed with the gun. The marine broke for the ladder and scrambled down. For a second or two he was out of sight and Joe watched around the corner of the bulkhead, and then the fellow ran across the well-deck to the ladder, glancing back as he slipped over the side. Joe waved and said softly: "Damned if he didn't," as he turned and streaked for the radio shack.

THE headphones were crackling as he snatched them up, the cruiser operator asking who was sending. Joe dropped them and bent over the key. Raider crew recalled, he tapped. Standing by to pick up boats and shell me. Send plane. He straightened, glanced at the lifeless figure on the floor and slapped out one more word: Martin.

He had reached the ladder aft, life-jacket in one hand and the brandy bottle in the other, when the first shell hit.

He wasn't scared as he had been during that first shelling. He wasn't holding his breath; instead he kept talking back to the raider, though he probably did not know it, and jeering profanely each time a shell hit the *Penndara* and lurched her a little lower in the water.

With difficulty he made his way back to the boat deck. The raider was nearly hull down to the south now, and he watched her a moment, his eyes avoiding the rubble that had been the radio shack, his mind closed to what was beneath it. Then he moved over to a liferaft. With the list of the ship it was not difficult to slide it over the edge where it dropped straight down.

Fastening his life-jacket he went forward, climbing to the wheelhouse and the water cooler there. He took a long pull at the brandy bottle, dumped the rest of it out and filled it with water; then, tucking it in against his stomach, he went down to the forward welldeck and slid down a line.

The water was warm and he paddled over to the raft and pushed it away from the ship's side, kicking with his feet until he was well clear before pulling himself aboard.

Though his arms and legs were weary there was a lightness in his chest, a buoyancy, as though there had been some new growth here, and as he breathed deeply, wondering why this should be, he heard the faint humming off to the north-east. It grew rapidly into a distinct high-powered throbbing and now this was synchronised with a sudden exultation that pulsed wildly in his chest.

The plane came on swiftly, swerving slightly as it approached the foundering

Pennndara. Joe got on his legs and waved, and then the plane was overhead and he could not tell whether it waggled its wings or not before it droned on towards the faint smudge of smoke on the horizon.

He watched it, not realising he was yelling and cheering it on until the humming had faded into silence and he could no longer find it in the sky. Then he sat down and suddenly his ragged young face warped in thought. "Maybe that was a bad angle," he said, half aloud. "Just because it was Martin's idea is no reason you had to sign his name. Suppose they don't come back?"

But somehow, even as he thought of this, what happened to him did not seem to matter quite so much any more.

END

A Question of Time

(Continued from page 20)

vile and he was not allowed to walk in the grounds. The intelligence officer did not come in for a week but when he arrived his smile was in place and he tried to be polite.

"I see you are not talkative to-day," said the German at last. He took a package from the breast-pocket of his tunic. "The watchmaker has returned your watch," he announced, putting it on the little table. "We have had it repaired for you as it has a sentimental value, according to the inscription." He bowed stiffly. "You see, my friend, we Germans also have hearts."

Wilmot was so surprised and pleased that he could only stammer his thanks. Somehow it would be a comfort to have the old ticker with him, even though it always seemed to lose about a quarter of an hour a day!

A DAY or two later he opened the back just to pass the time. To his surprise a tiny square of tracing paper fell out. He opened it out and saw a network of lines form a large C in the centre. For a while he was puzzled until he picked out a faint curve with the letter M on it. M for Marne, and the C stood for Châlons apparently! With sudden excitement he began to pore over the map but the words were too small and faint to be picked out. God bless that watchmaker, he thought excitedly, but why hadn't he smuggled in a magnifying glass!

After a day or two of torture he managed to make out the sense of the message with the aid of a clinical thermometer which he pressed against the paper. It was a slow business but, bit by bit, he gathered that he was to drop off a train at Bar le Duc and make his way to a house with a tower six kilometres along the road to Toul. That made sense, anyway. Bar le Duc he recalled as a railway junction "en route" to Nancy and Strasbourg. The Jerries had bombed that line more than once when they hammered their way into France.

Well, you have probably read details of Wilmot's escape by now. We know that he took six months to get to the coast; how he jumped the train at Bar le Duc and was hidden by loyal Frenchmen; and how he and two fishermen, eager to join De Gaulle, were nearly drowned in the Channel.

The mess made a great fuss of him when he got back and the station intelligence officer took down every word of his account. Wilmot did not know that his story was of particular interest to two M.I.5 chiefs in Whitehall.

"Great bit of work," said one of them. The other nodded. He was looking at a dossier, headed Z.22. The first page carried the head and shoulders photograph of a man of about fifty with reddish hair, turning grey at the temples, and a moustache.

"I see Z.22 used to be a watchmaker," he commented. "Clever getting a job as intelligence officer."

I should add that Wilmot insisted on having beef and pickles for his first meal in the mess. When the clock struck one, he looked at his watch and was heard to say:—

"That German, bless his heart, did a damned good job on this ticker. It's never lost a minute since I got it back."

END

Heath & Heather Ltd HERB SPECIALISTS



Our country is second to none in its resources of medicinal herbs and with stocks assured, clients will be glad to know that the majority of Heath & Heather's remedies continue in full supply. These are listed in the "Book of Herbs," a copy of which (price 2d.) may be had on application to HEATH & HEATHER LTD., Herb Specialists, ST. ALBANS



Something old

into something new.

Old dress into new jacket or blouse; sister's grown-out-of frock into rompers for baby brother—and money saved for the war effort. There's always something new to be made out of something old if it's 'Viyella.' However much it's been worn and washed, a 'Viyella' garment keeps its soft, healthy texture and clear colours, and is quite ready to face life all over again as something different!

Thank goodness I always bought

'Viyella'
Regd.

it lasts and lasts and lasts





for a

SPECIAL OCCASION

Now that Chivers Jellies, best of all sweets, are not so plentiful as before, reserve them for the children and for invalids, who really need them most. Here is an economy recipe which will enable you to make two Chivers Jellies from one packet.

Recipe: Make up half-pint of Chivers Jelly in the usual way, then make a half-pint of Custard Sauce without sugar. When Jelly is lukewarm, set a small quantity in bottom of individual glasses or moulds and mix remainder with the custard. When Jelly layers are firm fill up glasses with the mixture and leave to set.



J375



In Grandma's Day

Then, women just had to put up with many things which nowadays would not be tolerated. Knowledge on many vital subjects was limited—women expected to be "in poor health" from 40 onwards. To-day such middle-age discomfort need not be, because modern medical science has discovered its cause and also found the remedy. Menopax is a most up-to-date medicine for such conditions—approved by doctors.

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR
ABOUT MENOPAX

MENOPAX

for Women of Middle-age

Prices 2/10, 5/7½ and 11/3 from Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all leading chemists. An interesting book, "The Crisis in a Woman's Life," may be taken FREE from most chemists' counters, or sent direct for 3d. in stamps by Clinical Products Ltd., 2 The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Remember This August?

(Continued from page 13)

he strode into Danzig. And Sir John Simon was proclaiming that "if war breaks out, it will be quite impossible to say where it will end and what governments will be involved." And Sir Ian Hamilton visited Hitler at Berchtesgaden to discuss an organisation for British and German ex-Servicemen. And Mr. Duff Cooper, First Lord, and Lady Diana, paid a visit to Kiel in the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*. Meanwhile, the month assumed its customary silly season aspect at home.

Canon Peacock (of Wantage) raised a fine to-do by sending his daughters to dance in a German beer-garden. Unity and June, aged nineteen and eleven, were barred from dancing professionally in England, so off they went by trailer to the Rhineland, chaperoned by their mother. Referring to hundreds of abusive letters, said the Canon: "To such people, any place out of England is foreign, mysterious, queer and wicked."

Braces next became hot news. Why did American men wear belts, and Englishmen, braces? American manufacturers saw a chance to slip in with a change of fashion, and, lo, the U.S. War Secretary appeared in braces inspired by the Stars and Stripes. Even Mr. Roosevelt thought them natty, and was promptly given a pair costing £2 10s.

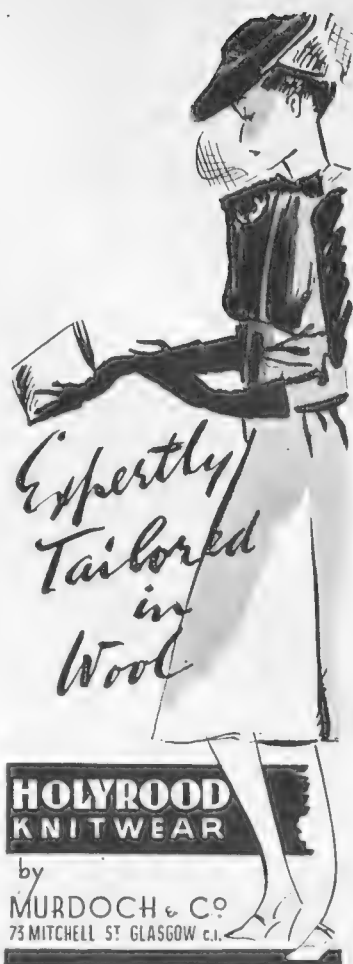
In Brighton, there was inaugurated a new sport, "Boodles," consisting of spotting men with beards. Just the same as "Beaver" decades before, but what a total of points one could chalk up to-day on the basis of: one point for a beard with uniform; two points for a military beard; three points for a naval beard! Beauty queens were to the fore at seaside processions and there was a special run on Lady Godivas. At Porthcawl, the legendary figure in tights and hideous yellow hair was foretold of a hostile reception, so horsemen dressed as cavaliers and armed with staves formed her bodyguard.

THE Lord Mayor of London took a holiday from food. Sir Harry Twyford (sixty-eight) said that in eight months he had eaten 400 official luncheons or dinners, and he was fed up. The luncheons had averaged six courses and the dinners eight. "A lord mayor needs the digestion of an ostrich," said Sir Harry, leaving on a cruise round the south coast, accompanied by his two daughters. "Away with turtle soup, salmon and saddle of lamb! Lady Twyford has suggested poached egg on spinach, a plain roast bird with fresh garden vegetables, and a soufflé."

American commentary revolved mostly round the table. American visitors did not like our waiters in dark clothing in summer. Neither did they think our old English dishes stood up to their menu claim, when met with face to face. The absence of ice-water was unbelievable, and so was the coffee. Other American findings were to the effect that "Englishwomen are not very exciting but awfully nice" and that Hampstead was the most godless suburb among the English-speaking peoples, less than five per cent going to church. And, talking of churches, the Marquis of Townsend deplored the poverty of the country parson. The Church of England was wealthy and could afford to pay better salaries, thereby securing more and better curates.

Star-reading had not grown beyond the birthday prediction stage: world-shattering events were not foretold with the exactitude we have come to know to-day.

The Atlantic figured prominently in the month's news. The hero of the hour was Douglas Corrigan who flew from New York to Dublin in a nine-year-old "crate" proclaimed not airworthy. Corrigan said he thought he was headed for the Pacific Coast and the world laughed at "the man who flew the Atlantic backwards." A more serious contribution was made by Captain Bennett (recently decorated for escaping through Sweden). Using the "Mercury" pick-a-back, Bennett covered 8,000 miles in 48 hours, at an average speed of 160 m.p.h. He touched Montreal, the Azores, New York, Lisbon. There was much rejoicing when the Queen

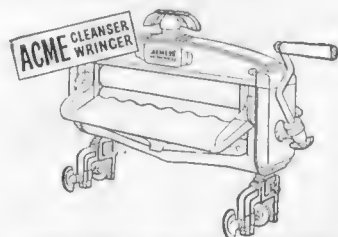


Can that be the Rectory?

It's more like a laundry. And, of course, it is. You can't accommodate twenty small evacuees without telling the world it's



washing day... And they've only one Acme at the Rectory—and no chance of buying another till after the war. But that's what's happening to Acmes all over the country—they're standing up to mountains of extra war-work but never complaining...



Mary reached New York in three days twenty-three hours, beating the *Normandie* by one hour and fourteen minutes. Meanwhile, the new *Mauretania* had been launched on Merseyside after only 369 days a-building, while final preparations were being made to launch the 85,000-ton *Queen Elizabeth* up in Scotland. It was deemed probable that this vessel would mark the limit in tonnage.

Sir Malcolm Campbell made two attempts on Lake Geneva to beat his own *Bluebird* record. But he could only reach 127 m.p.h. against his previous 129.5 m.p.h. But Capt. Eyston managed 345.49 m.p.h. at Salt Lake City, over the measured mile, using his monster *Thunderbolt*. And at the Oval England beat Australia by 579 runs, and Hutton hit up 364. This was the first time a Test match was televised.

A BIG piece of sports news centred on Bryn Jones, bought by Arsenal for £14,000. Weren't these transfer fees ruining the game, considering the disparity between them and the £8 a week maximum wage for players? Other experts decided that professional golf was going to the dogs when R. Whitcomb and Cotton took sixteen hours to win a seventy-two-hole match at Walton Heath.

Abroad, the French Minister Jean Zay (later to escape) climbed Mont Blanc to open a refuge—or, rather, he reached the top roped closely to a guide, a thing never done before. He broadcast to two hemispheres on the joys of mountain climbing and said that on that very day over a hundred were ascending the Matterhorn. Also filling the newspapers were the celebrations in honour of Queen Wilhelmina's fifty-eighth birthday, and the fortieth anniversary of her reign.

Reverting to home, farmers asked a better deal, and tried to persuade the Government to a more energetic agricultural policy. Food was each month becoming a more vital necessity, as the clouds gathered. And the motor trade united against the dumping of foreign cars as the McKenna duties came to an end. German cars were being dumped at the rate of a thousand a month and Southampton docks were chock-full of them. And *Rebecca* was the novel of the hour; and Maurice Chevalier was winning top marks in *L'Homme du Jour*; and Gracie Fields sang to 5,000 at Glasgow Empire Exhibition. And Pearl White died, and so did Queen Marie of Rumania—and theirs were the kind of stories that filled the newspapers of August four short years ago, how small their names may ring today.

And while all these happenings were chronicled from day to day, Mr. Hore-Belisha was introducing his revolutionary democratisation of the Army, and Westland had fought Eastland in the air, with an incredible number of bombers and fighters (475) participating. Only towards the end of the month did a war note creep into daily happenings. National Service was featured, and 60,000 police were stated to be trained in anti-gas and A.R.P. duties. The Home Office called for the first 500,000 A.R.P. volunteers, and Sir John Anderson headed a commission examining the possibility of moving the civil population in mass to camps outside the cities. But people were far from being war-minded. When a warden called in a London suburb and said he had come to fit the gas-masks, there came answer: "It's no good, we're all-electric here."

So did that long-lost August merge into the September destined to be linked with the name of Godesberg; so did we approach a September week when men feverishly set to, digging trenches and dug-outs in the London parks.

The international situation had filled perhaps one of the (average) sixteen sheets composing the daily newspaper. Advertisements accounted for six or seven sheets. And the events I have outlined the remaining seven or eight sheets.

Gone for ever, those sheets of hectic or trivial news? Not so. Yet one takes leave to doubt if the outside newspapers of after-war will contain quite the same daily menu as that set forth above.

END

Days in the month you dread



Month after month you endure those awful headaches and depressing pains when one or two "Anti-Kamnia" Tablets taken at the onset would save you from torture! Life is too short for needless suffering and unhappiness. If you only knew how quickly "Anti-Kamnia" banishes pain you would never be without it.

Almost the moment you take "Anti-Kamnia" you get relief, and in five minutes the pain stops. Your nerves become soothed and steady and you feel ready for work as on other days of the month.

Physicians prescribe "Anti-Kamnia" and nurses recommend it, having proved that it will always avert suffering at these periods without disturbing the natural action of the female system. Why not get the tablets today and have them by you?

Anti-Kamnia

BRAND ANALGESIC TABLETS

AK ALWAYS SURE-ALWAYS SAFE

Thousands of women simply ask for A-K. If you say A-K your chemist will know. 1/5 a box (Including Tax).

Save with the
REGULO

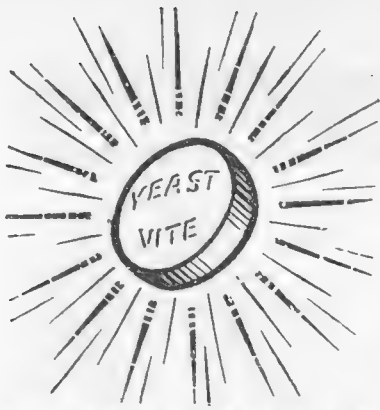
NEW WORLD

Gas Cooker-

**OVER 2 MILLION
IN DAILY USE**

Product of Radiation Ltd





DOING VITAL WORK AT 68

LadyFeelsFitForAnything!

Thanks to YEAST-VITE

Nottingham,
April 29th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

You will remember me as one of your old Yeast-Vite takers. Well, I am still taking them—and another thing, I am sending them to my son in the Services and he said they are a blessing.

Myself, I have been doing vital work and feel fit for anything. I will be 68 in June. (Sgd.) Mrs. J.

P.S.—This is what my son says about your tablets:—"My cold is better now, thanks to your Yeast-Vite."

Cricklewood, N.W.2

Dear Sirs,

A slogan for you

EXIT:—PIP

ENTER:—PEP

Yeast-Vite acts at once.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) W. E. H.

"STARTED TO GET BETTER"

Wrexham,
April 15th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

Having read such a lot of good news about Yeast-Vite, I should like to add a little to it. I was just a bunch of nerves, so I decided to try Yeast-Vite. From the first bottle I took I started to get better and up to now my complaint has not returned. Should it ever return I should get Yeast-Vite Tablets.

I have recommended them to such a lot of people about here for different complaints. (Sgd.) L. R.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets are sold everywhere, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1¼ and 3⁄3 per bottle, including purchase tax. Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

Ruched Simplicity

(Continued from page 43)

after, until there are 6 No. 7 bars, and 6 No. 11 bars, and 73 sts. Work the reducing row, and cast off 7 sts. at shaped edge on next No. 11 row, then k. 2 tog. at this edge on next 7 No. 11 rows.

Continue on these 59 sts. until armhole is 6 ins. round curve (5½ or 6½ to end on any No. 11 row). Cast off 6 sts. at neck, then k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 35 sts. Work a row or so to make armhole 8 ins. round curve (or 8½, ending on a No. 11 row). Cast off 7 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. left.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left, but shape at opposite edge, and work a buttonhole at centre edge on every 4th row of No. 7 bars as follows:

K. 4, cast off 2, work to end.

Next row.—P. up to casting off, turn, cast on 2 sts., turn, work to end.

Sew up shoulder seams, hem right front edge back to buttonholes, then pick up 98 sts. round neck with No. 11 needles and work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 6 rows. Now work a buttonhole on right side by casting off 4th, 5th and 6th sts. from edge. Cast them on next row. Work 2 more rows. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 80 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work as back in ruching patt. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of all the No. 11 rows. (starting on 2nd row) until there is a bar of No. 10 and a bar of No. 7. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row (all No. 11 rows and all No. 7 rows) until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

CUFFS (two alike)

Cast on 16 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 10 ins. Cast off.

WAISTBELT

Cast on 20 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib with No. 11 needles for 25 ins. Now work 2 buttonholes as follows: Work 3 sts., cast off 3, work 8, cast off 3, work 3.

Next row.—Work up to casting off, turn. Cast on 3 sts., turn, work up to casting off, turn, cast on 3 sts., work to end. Work 4 more rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew on buttons. Sew in sleeves. Gather on to waistbelt.

LARGER SIZE

36-in. Bust

Work as for 34-in., as this is a loose, blouse fit.

38-in. Bust

Use No. 10 needles for No. 11, and No. 6 for 7.

The Classic Shirt

(Continued from page 43)

twice into 1st and last sts. at each edge until there are 2½ ins. from beg. (straight up centre). Cast off.

THE POCKET

Cast on 32 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3½ ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on pockets. Sew buttonhole strip on to right side by over-lapping it a little and sewing it down along one edge and round the point. Sew on collar, bringing it from centre of strip round to edge of k. border. Sew in sleeves, easing for a distance of 4 ins. at shoulder. Sew on buttons.

LARGER SIZE

36-in. Bust

Cast on 110 sts. for back instead of 102 and keep these extra 8 sts. all up, work until reducing for armholes. Then reduce to 102 sts. as for 34-in. bust and continue the same.

Cast on 64 sts. for sleeves instead of 56 and keep these extra 8 sts. all up, having 38 sts. to cast off at end.

Work front as 34 size.

38-in. Bust

Work as 36 size, using No. 10 needles.

Drink not the third glass, wrote George Herbert, the 17th century poet . . . An injunction we must echo in these days of uncertain arrivals of fruit juices for making Kia-Ora.



Lemon · Orange · Grapefruit
Lime Juice Cordial 2/6

Unsweetened Lemon, Orange,
Grapefruit in half bottles 1/9

STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century
STATE EXPRESS 555 have
maintained their reputation as
the world's finest cigarettes.



Britannia & Eve for August, 1942

**GIVE YOUR
TEETH A
SHINE WITH**

Gibbs
DENTIFRICE

**IN HANDY
BATTLEDRESS
REFILLS**

You can save the country's much needed metal by buying your Gibbs Dentifrice in the handy battledress refills. Gibbs Dentifrice cleans best, lasts longest. No mess, no waste. Popular Size Refills 7d, including tax.

7^d

(Including Purchase Tax)
Prices U.K. only

**SAVE
THE COUNTRY'S
METAL**

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1 GD 234C



BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

LIPSTICK REFILLS



... in Tangee Natural or Theatrical Red are in good supply in medium and large sizes.

1'10 & 5'-

Including Purchase Tax From your Chemist or usual store

TANGEE

The Priest's Hat

(Continued from page 32)

in their meaning slowly. Then suddenly she burst out: "Oh, Holy Mother, that letter'll be telling him to go to Dublin. You'll not be lettin' him go, Mrs. O'Keefe?"

Mrs. O'Keefe took the pipe out of her mouth and stared at Mary. "What's takin' you, girl?" she said.

Mary kept her eyes on the apron-string she was knotting. When she lifted her head and looked at Brigid there was not a shadow on her face.

"Sure I was thinkin' of the catches in the autumn that'll be heavy without Shamus to lend a hand," she answered.

And with that she turned and was gone, as suddenly as light goes.

A puff of wind blew in from the sea, cool and with salt in it. It brought the sound of voices to Brigid and O'Leary—of men's voices, preceding them up the cliff path.

The O'Keefe brothers were back from their fishing. One by one they came into view, silhouetted against the reddening sky.

Dan came first, bull shouldered, thick muscled. He pushed a lock of fair hair away from his light grey eyes; wiped the sweat of the climb from his broad, brown face with a broad, brown hand.

"Mary's there," said Brigid to him, gesturing with her pipe. Dan nodded and went inside the cottage.

TIM, smallest and thinnest of the O'Keefes, dark haired, dark eyed, flung himself down in front of the cottage. Shamus sat down on the bench beside his mother and stretched out his long legs. His coarse cloth trousers were still tucked into an old pair of waders. His shirt was torn on the shoulder and tar stained. His clothes did not take away one jot from his natural air of dignity.

Brigid produced from the pocket of her sacking apron the letter. Shamus took it; turned it over, looked at the postmark; ripped the envelope open.

Then, in a moment, he was on his knees beside his mother, his arms round her thick waist.

"Mother, mother," he shouted. "It's true—I have passed. It's a scholarship I've got—to Dublin, to college."

And before bewildered Brigid could speak or O'Leary stop staring, Shamus had got to his feet and was standing in front of them.

"It's a priest you'll have for your son before you're much older, Mrs. O'Keefe," he said, and his eyes were bright as the sea when the sun shines on it.

The loud jubilation of the trio surrounding Shamus penetrated the cottage. Dan bounded out, followed—slowly—by Mary.

The flame of her insolent vitality and assurance was gone from her.

While Dan was using his great fist on his brother's shoulder to express the pride and delight which were beyond his vocabulary, Mary said stiffly:

"Sure, it's a grand business for ye, Shamus. Ye'll be wishful to be away from us all now, I'm thinking."

An unusual quality in her voice grated on Shamus. "And why would ye say that?" he accused her. "I'm joyful to go to Dublin—but not to be leavin' me mother and me home and all of ye."

"That's the only word we have out of ye, these days. Dublin, Dublin, Dublin all the time. It's sick and tired we all are of the sound of it, Shamus, me boy."

Mary's voice rose shrilly on the last words. She glanced defiantly round the little group. Suddenly she broke away from it. She rushed down the cliff path which led to the sea.

The O'Keefes looked at each other and at O'Leary. And O'Leary looked back at them.

"What could have taken her, at all?" Brigid said plaintively.

The poor child is not herself. Perhaps 'tis the sun. Go after her, Dan, and see that she comes to no harm."

The weeks went by, taking summer with them. Soon a few days only were left before Shamus would be gone to Dublin. What with his scholarship (Continued on page 58)

Valstar
"66"
Raincoat

**SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY AND
DESIGN**

In normal times the best shops have "66". Supplies are, however, now strictly limited.

J. MANDLEBERG & CO. LTD. PENDLETON-MANCHESTER.
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

JANE AND JUDY ALTERATION SPECIALISTS

Expert in re-creating your disused clothes

+

Why not use the precious pre-war material lying idle perhaps in men's suits and great-coats. They can be unpicked and re-made into suits or winter coats

by

JANE AND JUDY

Ladies' Tailors: Dressmakers: Furriers
Milliners

Sloane
1537

36 Wilton Place
London, S.W.1

**Stop that
cold with
VAPEX**

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

I SIGN MYSELF 'THANKFUL'

No Praise is Too High for MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

Balham, S.W.12.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write these few lines to tell you what a great relief I had in taking your wonderful MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. For weeks I had a terrible pain in the stomach and indigestion very bad.

I was given a teaspoonful of your Stomach Powder which moved the pain, then I bought a bottle. After taking a dose or two I felt a different woman and I will never be without it in my home and I hope your wonderful MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder will help others who suffer from any stomach troubles as it did me. No praise is too high for it.

I sign myself—"Thankful."

(Mrs. R.)

Surely this letter must give new confidence and new hope to every victim of indigestion.

Remember, despite rationing, we still receive a good sufficiency of nourishing food—all the more reason for not passing it by because of indigestion. Even occasional or slight sufferers from stomach trouble should remember the real health benefits to be gained from being able to eat with relish and appetite.

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, therefore, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 2/3. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes, or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax). Only genuine if the signature, ALEX C. MACLEAN, appears on the package.

and a whip round arranged by his friend, the priest, the financial machinery for his entry into the church was complete.

There had been no second outburst from Mary.

Even on the day before his departure she was quiet and self-contained.

It was a wild day; as though the skies of his home mourned Shamus's going. The winds cried round the cabin on the cliff; the rain hissed on the roof.

Dan and Tim found the launching of the boat a hard job when they set off for their fishing. They were glum and grumpy. Shamus was up with the priest and they knew that their brother had sailed with them for the last time. Henceforward they must manage as best they might.

Before the time of their returning, purple clouds hid the sea. The wind screamed and beat against the cliff like a wounded gull.

The Atlantic forgot the gentleness which summer had taught it. It became a grey, roaring monster. It reared up, hurling the O'Keefe brothers and their boat on the rocks, where it and they were found at dusk.

THE night was far advanced when Shamus, worn out with comforting his mother and the keening of his relations, wandered out of the stuffy cabin to find a few moment's peace alone, among the few straggling, wind-tormented apple trees which grew in the O'Keefe's small field. Between the branches, stars gleamed. The rain had passed, but the wind still snatched angrily at their leaves.

It snatched, too, at Mary's red-gold hair, blowing its meshes across her eyes, so that she found it difficult for a moment to find Shamus who stood so still among the trees.

Shamus sighed when he saw her. But, remembering that she was plunged into a bereavement comparable to widowhood, he said kindly:

"Will you not go to your bed, Mary, and try for some sleep? I will be walking with you to your home."

The shadows of the trees lay over Mary's face and quenched her bright hair.

"Will you be going to Dublin the day?" she said, taking no notice of his offer.

"No, I will not then," he told her. "I will be here until the wake is over and my mother can go to my uncle's house."

"And then, Shamus?"

"Sure, then, I will be away to Dublin to begin my work." He said it devoutly, as a man might speak of heaven.

Mary's head was bent, her fingers plaiting the fringe of her shawl. Suddenly she flung herself down in the wet grass, her head pressed against Shamus's knees, her hands clinging to him.

"For the love of God, what ails you?" said Shamus.

He lifted her gently. She hid her face against his chest. Her sobs shook them both.

Between spasms of weeping she told him that she was to bear a child to Dan.

Shamus stroked her hair, soothing her. And she cried out hysterically:

"I cannot bear to go through with it, Shamus. You must help me. Shamus, you'll help me, ah, say you will."

"Well, but what is it I can do for you, Mary?" He wanted to help her, he would have done everything in his power for any human being in such distress.

For a moment, lips quivering, she was silent. Then suddenly gripping him with all her strength, she said:

"Marry me, for sure. You can't let your own brother's child be a bastard, Shamus. It's a right he has to his father's name and there's none but you can give it to him now."

One by one the stars seemed to go out for Shamus. Mary was crying again, but her loud whimpering no longer reached even his pity. He was lost in a dark wildness of despair, and rebellion.

His flesh cried out, not for the girl, who, with urgent hands and lips was trying to make him aware of her, but for the fulfilment of his life's desire.

He was a priest already. Ordination and the study of ritual would be only the means of setting upon him a seal, so that men

The Priest's Hat

would know his calling. He thought with an ache, almost physical, of the old cleric's parting present to him—robes, cassock and round felt hat, packed safely in the tin box in his bedroom. Was he never to have the right to wear them?

Suddenly he tore himself free from Mary's clinging arms. He could not, would not deny his vocation because of his brother's sin.

But the wind from the sea cried in the grey boughs, and to Shamus it keened for vanished hopes and dreams. For although one part of him violently revolted from the idea, another self insisted that here was a discipline he dared not evade. As a priest he would be dedicated to the service of mankind. That service, he realised, was being demanded of him but not in the way he had hoped and desired.

And so, while the sacrificial flame burnt hotly in him he turned back to Mary and said: "The child shall be born in wedlock."

The neighbours said this and that about the wedding which came so close on the heels of the funeral. Some of them made shrewd guesses as to its origination; for, they declared, Shamus had never looked in Mary's direction. It could only be that he was taking over his dead brother's responsibilities.

Mary O'Keefe thought as she came out of the little church on Shamus's arm, with his ring on her finger, that she had been translated into heaven. She looked up at her tall husband possessively, never doubting in the pride of her splendid vitality that she had the power to exorcise the dreams from his eyes with her own reflection.

But that night, her wedding night, a little chill of doubt crept around her heart. Shamus lit her candle for her and left her in the room which had been his mother's. And then she heard a door open and shut with finality. Shamus had gone to his own, bachelor bed.

Autumn shrivelled into winter and as slowly and relentlessly Mary's hopes withered. Shamus was kind to her and considerate, but gradually she came to realise that she might as well be living with a ghost.

Mary O'Keefe was not used to being thwarted. She tried to break through the wall of his indifferent friendliness with sharp words.

They had no more power to reach him than had the warmth of her desire. The only effect her quarrelsomeness had on Shamus was to make him even gentler with her, for he had been told that women with child are apt to be uncertain tempered, and must be humoured.

THE brilliancy of Mary's good looks were dimming a little. Nights of tossing restlessly in the bed on which Shamus had been born, were taking their toll. In the daytime her busy hands kept her mind from straying overmuch, but, relaxed in the darkness she had no defence against the fangs of thought.

Shamus noticed the change in her for the first time one evening as she set the table for their evening meal. Her face looked waxen in the lamplight which played on the cheekbones and deepened with shadows the new-formed hollows beneath.

Pity stirred in him. He put an arm round her as she bent over the table, patted her shoulder. It was the first time he had touched her since their wedding day.

Mary's amazed heart leaped. She twisted round and before she hid her face against his chest he saw in her eyes the expression of one for whom a miracle has been performed.

Shamus was startled, but keeping in mind the key to the situation he smoothed her hair tenderly, and said: "There, there, my girl. 'Tis the child that's upsetting ye. Maybe, 'twill not be long now to your time."

Safe, as it seemed to her, in Shamus's arms at last, Mary whispered to him the secret that in a moment they would both smile over as a deception purged of error, given virtue even, because of the love which made it necessary.

"There's to be no child, Shamus. Dan never lay with me. Indeed, there's been no other man but you for me nor ever will



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be. 'Tis the only way I could get you—to make believe about Dan: Och, darlin', darlin', tell me now you're glad."

Lips parted, eyes shining, she looked up, like a child that is sure it has been good And then quickly she backed away, a step or two only. The table halted her.

Shamus took her by the shoulders. He squeezed the flesh as though he were squeezing out the truth: He made her tell him all the story—how she had wanted him long before Dan had asked for her; how to take Dan had seemed the best way to be near Shamus.

"I loved ye so, Shamus," she sobbed. "Sure, God Himself couldn't love ye more. And with me beside ye, I thought the saints 'ud show me some way to make ye love me, too."

She cringed away from him, but the moment had passed when he might have killed her. She had destroyed the structure of his dreams and hopes. But the spirit which had created them was stronger than they, and was now in control of Shamus.

HE sat down by the peat fire. "Will ye go away now?" he said, not unkindly but without looking at her.

Mary O'Keefe went upstairs to her little bedroom. She lit the candle and she sat down on the bed. She sat there so long that the candle burnt low, its flame eddying and guttering in the cold air which seeped through the badly fitting window frame.

She shivered, not because of the draught, but because she realised at last what she had done to Shamus. And the realisation was like ice in her blood.

Before she slept she had decided on her next step, without doubts or deliberations. As always, the thing she had made up her mind to do seemed to Mary the only thing she could do.

In the morning, before Shamus woke, she put her belongings into a small basket, and with some difficulty at the unaccustomed effort she pencilled her first letter to him: "I am gone to my auntie's in Tralee."

But Mary O'Keefe never arrived at her aunt's home, nor could any trace of her be found.

And gradually Shamus's life began to flow in almost the channel he had once planned for it. He became lay assistant to the priest. "Each year I come here," said the gypsy, "the talk of him grows—the good that he does and of them that he helps. They speak of him as far down as Killarney; of him and the hat that Father Rafferty gave him that he will always be wearin' and it nearly fallin' apart."

"And was nothing ever heard of Mary O'Keefe?"

"Sure," she answered, "there's those that do say she joined with the Romanies. And that she has done well for herself. And that will be true enough."

"But how do you know?" I asked her.

"Who should know if not meself?" And swinging her basket over her shoulder, she walked away up the street.

END

Filmland Goes to War

(Continued from page 17)

at Fort Crowder. Wallace Beery, grizzled veteran of another war and holder of a pilot's licence, will be called to duty as a lieutenant-commander in the Naval Reserve at any time.

His recent film, *The Bugle Sounds*, hit the screens of American film theatres not long after the Japanese saw fit to raid Pearl Harbour. John Ford, award-winning director of *How Green Was My Valley*, entered the service of his country as a naval commander in charge of making a film history of the war, directly he completed work on the Welsh village film. Gene Markey, the writer-producer who is the ex-husband of Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr, is now serving with the navy in Central America; Gene Raymond, husband of Jeanette MacDonald, has been wearing an Air Corps uniform since March; and the new young star, Ronald (Continued on page 60)

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RASPBERRY — ORANGE — LEMON — VANILLA

Reagan, is a lieutenant in the Army Reserve. By this time, he will be on active service. Lewis Stone, a major in the last war, is now a colonel in charge of an evacuation regiment.

Although they cannot go into the front line, Hollywood's loveliest stars are doing their utmost to help things through to victory. Ida Lupino is a lieutenant in the Women's Ambulance and Defence Corps. Her house is high on a hill-top above Hollywood, and she answered her first call to active duty during one of Hollywood's first air raid rehearsals. It has been arranged that her house shall be turned into a telephone centre during raids, from which she can send out warnings to a wide district. Rosalind Russell was the first screen actress to enlist in the Women's Ambulance Council in Beverly Hills; and Kay Francis was the first actress to pass all examinations at the Red Cross School. She knows, now, how to bandage wounds properly, and how to give first aid and medical care should a crisis arise.

Touring America's vast country to sell war bonds and stamps or raise funds for the Services by means of entertainments, has become part of the regular duty of many film stars. Dorothy Lamour started the ball rolling, early this year, when she chose to devote a much-needed holiday to a tour of a dozen big cities where she made personal appearances in shops and hotels, selling bonds and stamps worth thousands of dollars. Not only did she lose her holiday, but she paid every cent of the heavy expenses attached to her tour out of her own pocket. Bing Crosby and his four young sons are doing their bit as bond and stamp salesmen; it would take a very hard heart to resist the appeal of lazy-voiced Bing and his bunch of energetic, enthusiastic assistants. Another salesman who has done enormous business for his country is Edward G. Robinson; if he can get away from his own work for even an hour during the day he hurries to the nearest depot and rakes in dollars and cents by sheer force of his own personality.

Wartime restrictions in California are causing some headaches to producers. For scenes in Errol Flynn's latest picture, *Desperate Journey*, Warner Brothers needed to make a scene on a beach that was, in pre-war days, one of Hollywood's most popular location spots. To-day it is a restricted zone. So special permission had to be obtained before cameras and players were allowed to get near the beach and make their scenes. When that part of the job had been done the director said he wanted the entire outfit to move up into the nearby hills, and shoot a reverse action of the same scenes. Off went the caravan, only to be stopped by an army sentry. Passes were exhibited, and to the sentry it was explained that the film company simply wanted to make a reverse shot of what had just been done on the beach. The sentry was sorry. The passes entitled the company to go on the beach. There were no passes giving any one permission to come up into the hills. There will not be any reverse shots of the beach scenes when you come to look at *Desperate Journey*.

A PART from the trials of making films in war days, the studios have had to face even greater trials connected with remaking films that had been in production prior to Pearl Harbour and December 7, and would no longer fill the bill, for a variety of reasons. Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, and other star players, had practically completed an important musical picture called *I'll Take Manila*, with most of the action taking place in the Philippines. When you see this film you will find Eleanor Powell dancing merrily in Puerto Rico; and the title of the film will be *Ship Ahoy!* A large part of this film had to be reshot.

Paramount has an elaborate Technicolor production, with Dorothy Lamour back in her familiar sarong once more. It will arrive on the screen as *Beyond the Blue Horizon*; but it was filmed as *Malaya*. What happened on December 7, and after, wiped out that title.

For Universal, our own Alfred Hitchcock, master of suspense in screen terms, has turned

Filmiland Goes to War

out *Saboteur*; this is, beyond doubt, a thriller right up in the first flight. James Cagney had made *Captains of the Clouds* for Warners before America declared war on Japan; much of this gripping story of the daredevils of the air was made in Canada, and Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., appears personally in one dramatic scene. Its release could not have been more timely.

Hollywood has now formed its own Victory Committee. This star-studded committee has been mobilised to give war aid in any direction within its power. It acts as a sort of clearing house, and decides which stars shall go where, which radio programme shall have certain players; and so on. It guided Dorothy Lamour on that wonder tour of hers, totalling a sale of 25,000,000 dollars' worth of defence bonds and stamps, and ending in an entirely unsolicited, spontaneous triumphal drive from Los Angeles to Hollywood when she returned home.

Clark Gable is chairman of the actors' section of this committee; James Cagney is vice-chairman. Other film stars concerned in its fine work are Edward Arnold, Jack Benny, Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, John Garfield, Cary Grant, Bob Hope, Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power, Ginger Rogers, Rosalind Russell and Spencer Tracy.

FOR ten days during May, the Hollywood Victory Caravan—including stars whose names are in the above paragraph, plus many more—toured ten leading cities of America. They lived in a special ten-coach train, and when I saw their marvellous show on its second night in Boston, they had chalked up the enormous sum of 77,000 dollars for the show they gave in the Boston Garden before an audience of 20,000 people. They had driven in open cars through mobs of cheering people; and when Bob Hope—who shared the duties of Master of Ceremonies with Cary Grant—started to auction a programme autographed by every star present that night, he sold it for 1,000 dollars. After that Claudette Colbert climbed up to the top gallery of the huge auditorium to give the purchaser a kiss, and receive from him his cheque. She gave him the programme, too. There can be no doubt that this Victory Caravan will do as much in the other eight towns it is to visit, as it did in Boston.

The question of motor car tyres and petrol rationing is worrying a number of people out in Hollywood, where nobody but Greta Garbo ever walks! Stars who bought ranches out in the San Fernando Valley find themselves in a strange position; many of them are arranging to call for each other on their way to the studios each morning. They go on the set now at eight instead of nine; which means getting up an hour earlier. Robert Taylor and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, managed to squeeze six other people into their station wagon one morning; the next morning they were collected by another star. And so it goes on. The Beverly Hills colony has taken to the homely bicycle as a fine way of getting about. You could not buy a bicycle in Hollywood to-day for a king's ransom. Miss Glamour-Puss and Mr. Hunk-of-Man are learning that war is not all cheers and flag waving; and, bless their hearts, they are taking things in a bold, brave stride.

Just a few odd notes on Hollywood in war days: Carole Landis, screen lovely, has so many defence uniforms that she keeps them in her car so that she can make quick changes as she hurries from one defence group to the next, and so back to the studio. Hope the tyres of her car hold out. At that canteen in San Pedro where Myrna Loy scrubs floors, Carole is proud to hold the rank of store-keeper, third class. Several studio big men were very proud, at one time, of autographed photographs of Mussolini (collected on their travels in Europe) which decorated their office desks, and drew delighted comments from visitors. Not one of those pictures remains in view. Many slender movie stars

have hurried to the Red Cross to donate blood for their country—only to be turned down, with regrets. Too much diet tells a sad tale, in the end, when red corpuscles come to be counted. Michele Morgan, French film star lately risen high in Hollywood's sky, left war-worn France for the peace of these United States. She took a house in one of Hollywood's quietest, most secluded canyons—only to find an anti-aircraft gun emplacement almost directly below her bedroom window. When a Japanese spy movie was being made at 20th Century-Fox the studio had to hire three plain-clothes detectives to stay on the set during the entire production. They were there to protect the Japanese actors from any possible harm. Wild western dramas may be in for a tough time. The studios have been told they will not be allowed to purchase any more of those blank cartridges which do such deadly work on the Injuns and other wild folk. Blackouts have caused practically all of Hollywood's de luxe restaurants and night spots to shut down. Out on Wilshire Boulevard close to Santa Monica and the Pacific Ocean, there was a small restaurant to which many film stars went, on their way home from the beach, for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. The door is padlocked. Pinned to the centre panel is a sign which says: "I'm in the army now. Will reopen when we've knocked the devil out of the Axis!"

END

Books

(Continued from page 28)

a first-class book to give us, at any rate, some basis for judgment.

Returning to fiction pure and simple I give many good marks to Mary Lutyens for her "Together and Alone" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.). My critical faculties are dulled because I agree with almost every opinion she expresses and can see clearly every character she draws, from the drunkard, deserted husband to the night club hostess or the sweet young girl or the American woman journalist. I wish it had been as long a book as "Gone With the Wind."

"Six in Sunshine" (Ward Lock, 7s. 6d.) is a bright, cheerful story about life in Mexico and six very light, human characters in wartime.

That is all I am going to say about the plot, which, though adequate, is not the strongest part of the book. Its dialogue and character drawing and atmosphere carry it along swimmingly. I recommend this as good light reading for the sentimental, which means almost every one.

Ursula Bloom's latest novel "Lovely Shadow" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.) deals with a young man with a swine of a miserly father. The lovely shadow is his mother, who died at his birth, and about whom he can find out very little. Slowly he pieces together a portrait of her, and up to that point, with his stumbling love affairs, and the subsidiary plot of the miserly clerk and his wretched wife, the book develops well and promises the best. But it seems as though Ursula Bloom suddenly lost interest, which I had not, and hurried to a fantastic and unconvincing ending.

"THE Road Winds Back" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) is from the medical pen of Peter Conway, and he certainly makes up a nice prescription with a film-like quality. The brain surgeon, the "society" and unfaithful wife, the drama of intricate operations on the brain are blended together into a satisfactory whole, written with technical skill.

Never having been a girl I find it hard to criticise "Common or Garden Child" by M. St. Clare Byrne (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.). The book consists of a series of memories of childhood of the authoress, written amusingly and with a penetrating eye for detail. This should help to solve some of the problems of a child's mind, while at the same time it provides a most interesting character study, well worth reading.

END

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At the Lion's Mouth

(Continued from page 27)

door. "How very touching, *ma petite!*" Peter Durban did not stir, but Sam let his head shoot round, and Père Limoge spun sharply on his heel. In that instant of silence, broken only by the gurgle of water past a broken waterspout, the fat little man with the briefcase in his hand who loomed against the outer rain, stepped in with arrogance, kicking the door closed behind him.

"M'sieur Limoge," he said curtly, "now we will talk."

"Valveaux!" The sailor spat out the name with scorn. "Valveaux the collaborator!"

"The same." The elegant prefect of police inclined his head with mock gravity, but his little eyes glittered like polished metal discs. He made a movement with the hand he kept in the pocket of his fur-collared coat. "I advise care," he warned. "You are quite unarmed, as is all France. And I"—his colourless lips twitched with a mirthless pleasure—"I have a gun."

"A German gun, no doubt!" rasped Père Limoge.

"A Luger, in fact. Further, my presence here is known. If I am harmed, it would not be well for you, Limoge. Or," he grinned, "for Madeline."

"What is your wish?"

Valveaux smiled faintly. Deliberately he went to the table and sat down. The others remained taut, only their eyes following him.

"You are a good sailor, Limoge: I would trust myself in your care on the sea. So tonight you will take me with you on your voyage with your friends."

"Voyage!" Limoge gave a sudden start, but recovered at once. "We merely give them shelter from the weather and—"

"Pah! It is time we understood each other, good Limoge. For a sailor, you are clever, so it took our agents a little time to learn your game. So that you will know I speak the truth, I will tell you about it. Besides, it may amuse your lovely daughter. You remember you both thought it quite a joke when I asked for Madeline in marriage. I have not forgotten, but..." He brought himself back from this divergence and the pleasure of his revenge with a heavy sigh. "Limoge, you are helping the enemies of France escape to—"

"The enemies—of—France?"

"Indeed! And for that, Limoge, you should die."

"Good enough!" The sailor's blue-green eyes were blazing. "I am ready."

"But I am not. So listen carefully. It will save your life—and the pretty little package here besides. Which is more important to you. And to her lover, too, no doubt." He leaned forward, speaking more rapidly. "It is necessary that I be in Spain. Quickly! There are certain final dispositions to be made there. I am entrusted with them by Vichy and—"

"And Berlin!" Limoge exploded.

Valveaux brushed that aside. "The mission is of utmost secrecy. It must not even be guessed I leave France. For that reason I cannot use the *chemin-de-fer* or the flying fields. But inside Cape Creus on the Spanish coast the arrangements to receive me are complete. Someone must sail me there. That man," he finished shortly, "that man, Limoge, is you."

"Impossible! British ships of war—thank God!—blockade the mouth of the Lion's Gulf."

"Exactly!" Valveaux smiled thinly again. "But observe, Limoge! You know the recognition signal, or you could not deliver these escaping men. The problem, then, is a simple one. You will sail with these two to-night as planned. Why else do you suppose they were permitted to reach here? I shall be hidden in your boat when you pass the signal. You will deliver them and nothing will seem amiss to the English ship on patrol. After that, having safely cleared

the station of blockade, you will sail for Spain in darkness instead of for home. Perfect! No?" He stood up abruptly, his eyes darting toward the man in the pouli's coat and then toward Peter Durban. "When you two are aboard the destroyer," he told them coldly, "it may occur to you to wag your tongues too soon so the destroyer will fire on Limoge and myself in the boat. For that reason"—he inclined his head toward the girl—"this pretty one also comes along. She will be in the boat with us—after you are gone. I am sure her lover would not wish to see *her* blown to bits. So I think," he smiled, "I think I shall be safe enough."

A MOMENT of silence held. They remained motionless in that room, arrested by the intense quality of this fatal quiet. Only Père Limoge, by some instinct of his sailor's brain, knew the rain had stopped. Sam's haggard eyes glowed. The girl, directly in front of Peter Durban, kept her face upraised, hearing him speak again at last.

"I am not her lover. You are wrong, Valveaux. She is nothing to me." He made a hard, ringing stamp on the flags with his cane to emphasise each phrase. "Nothing at all. I was lonely in Port St. Louis. She was easy. A man must have some fun in times like these or—"

"For God's sake!" Sam blazed, "for God's sake stow it, Pete!"

Valveaux picked up his briefcase, certain of himself, his right hand still concealed in the bulging pocket of his coat. "We will start at once, Limoge."

"And if I refuse?"

"I would not advise it. There are ways we have of prying the recognition signal from you. Then you would have a bad accident, my good Limoge. And as for Madeline," he shrugged, "there are many lonely troops who would—"

"This way!"

The sailor's voice rasped with savagery. He spun around, stumping with his uneven limp to the rear of the room. Here he thrust back two iron bolts, struggling with a heavy, oaken door until he pulled it inward, its rusty hinges creaking. A musty gust of damp air funnelled from the dark hole. Then he stooped, picked up a blue-glassed lantern, shot back its shield, and came erect.

"Napoleon," he growled, "once walked this passageway."

"Remarkable!" said Pierre Valveaux. "Then I walk in the footsteps of Napoleon. You will go on ahead of me. Remember, I am a good shot, Mad'line." His little eyes were aglitter. "You must bring your cloak against the cold sea air."

THE light ahead swung grotesque shadows on the tunnel's dripping stone, their footsteps booming hollowly. The fetid air slowly freshened until all at once the damp, salt odour of the sea rushed in; and they stood at last on the worn cobbles of the ancient quay of Port St. Louis. Here a small boat, mast and lateen yard asway, bumped against the wharf and Limoge shot closed the lantern's shield before he helped Lieutenant Peter Durban down. The man stumbled in unfamiliar darkness, then sat down abruptly on the after thwart. The sailor, motionless an instant under swollen clouds aloft, tested the wind against his cheek, muttering to the girl and the young Canadian called Sam. But his incoherent growling ceased at once when Valveaux came up, briskly announcing:

"The patrol is informed, Limoge. It will not be necessary to hide your passengers beneath the nets to-night." He dropped into the boat, settling himself on the bottom boards, the big Luger atop the briefcase in his lap. "I ask you to remember that I keep Madeline in my pistol's sights. At the first sign of treachery..." He let that hang. "We are ready now."

In silence the girl took her place beside

Peter Durban, the hood of her sea cloak framing her pale face. Sam dropped down amidships, pulling the tarpaulin there aside and crawling under it. "I will sleep," he told Valveaux with cold and undisguised disgust. "I am seasick already with the sight of you."

Pierre Valveaux could afford the luxury of a smile. He even shrugged his shoulders as that weary man quickly pulled the canvas over his head. Père Limoge cast off, swayed up the lateen sail, took his place in the stern-sheets with the tiller bar against his thigh, and watched the stone quay dissolve in gloom. While still inside the breakwater he luffed sharply, keeping her hanging there for moments, the canvas shuddering. Valveaux, alert, ducked his face under the foot of the fluttering sail.

"No tricks!" he rasped, the Luger in his fist. "I warn you I meant exactly what I—"

"I must make a good departure, or I miss my rendezvous."

Old Père Limoge growled out that thing, and after that he said no more, his solid torso, erect in darkness, swinging to the movement of the running boat. Outside, the sea took hold of her, sending long sleek hills against her, hissing. And there was no sound in all that loneliness but the noisy rush of sea and wind, the spatter of boarding sprays. Peter Durban stirred on the thwart, troubled by the girl's nearness, by the warm pressure of her thigh against his own.

"Mad'line!" he breathed, urgently.

"I—"

"Be still, Peter."

"But I must tell—"

"Be still!"

HE must have understood she had the right to urge his silence, for he said no more while the boat flew on, noisy and heedless. Limoge held her to her work, gauging time and course and distance. Until at last his deep growl issued to the black, wet night.

"You and the girl must not be seen, Valveaux. We are almost there."

"Splendid! Madeline, rouse this sleeping clod called Sam. You will take his place under the tarpaulin." His eyes followed her as she moved into the deep shadow of the lateen sail, stooping. A moment later the figure in the ragged poilu's coat loomed up instead, yawning and stretching. Then Valveaux slid under cover himself, keeping his hand in view a moment as he nudged the girl's shape beside him, chuckling. "Do not take offence, Mad'line, my pet. Remember!" he warned the rest of them sharply. "My pistol is at her head. You may make the signal now, Limoge."

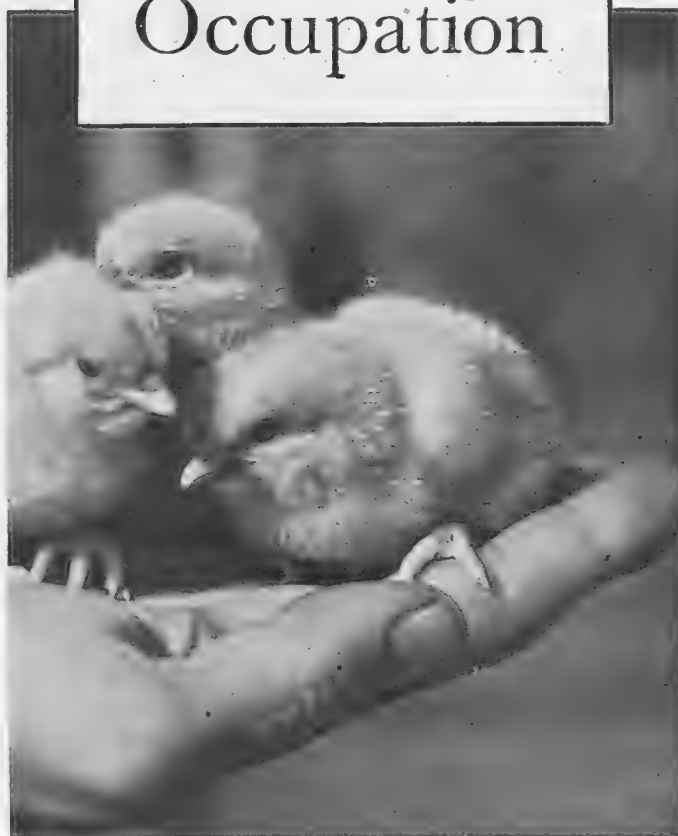
Straddling the tiller bar, the sailor reached for his lantern in silence. Sliding back the shield he raised its blue eye high, lowered it, raised it again; then swung a quick, short arc and set it down, peering intently against the wall of night. For a time there was no sign from the windy void, till suddenly, far away to leeward, a blue glim showed like firepoint at a cave's black mouth. It winked, and then burned dimly on. Limoge grunted, pressing the helm over. Valveaux chuckled.

"Good! Once free of him," he said before his head went out of sight beneath the tarpaulin, "and the thing is neatly done. Simple No? You are wise to be a reasonable man, Limoge."

The sailor made no reply, keeping his stare on the sleek grey shape with the dangerous bows that came knifing out of the gloom. Low against dark water, it took on substance and solidity, rolling in a heavy swell, blue points of light from the lamp splintering down the ladder rungs hanging ready along its hull. Other than this she was in total darkness. But there were men in that spartan English ship-of-war, shadows swinging aloft with her rise and fall. And when Père Limoge came smartly alongside with long remembered naval skill, two heavy shoulders marked with gold thrust out and down beyond the cable rail. A youthful Essex face, grinning with delight, caught light and shadow for a moment from the pale blue glow.

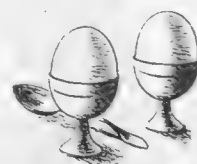
"Well done, (Continued on page 64)

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They are born to an important destiny—these little Ministers of Food! Their work is highly specialized and vital to the National Effort. In a few months they will be in *full war production*.

Demand now, alas, exceeds supply. But the time *will* come when new-laid eggs, brown and fresh and plentiful, will be seen in our shops and on our breakfast tables. The time *will* come when cooking recipes which start: "Take six fresh eggs . . ." will seem quite reasonable. The day of omelettes will come back again . . . In those days too—after the War is won—many other good things will be restored to us. The vitamin-rich foods of peace. Street lighting. Trade. Travel. Unrestricted petrol. The post-war Standard car will be a familiar feature on the roads of the post-war world.



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The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Nothing else so gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. You will be delighted with the tale the scales tell — new ounces gained each week. 'Milk of Magnesia' is recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere as the gentle and safe laxative antacid for babies. You can get it everywhere, but be sure, Mother, to say 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia. Prices, 1/5 and 2/10 (including Purchase Tax).

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Froggy!" it announced. "Timed to schedule like the Scotch express. We can depend on a Frenchman like you. How many you got for us this time?"

"Only two to-night." Père Limoge growled it out loudly for the benefit of the hidden Valveaux. "A Canadian and an American of the Eagle Squadron." His voice took on a gruffly pleading tone, his square cheek barred by the bumping ladder rungs. "You will take good care of them, commander, *hein?*"

"Commander!" That delightful English grin went broad. "I must let the Admiralty know what you think of me. Sure we'll take good care of them. Up you come, lads. You're all right now." The lieutenant handed them over the rail one by one as they clambered aboard. Then he peered down again. "Relief ship due on the station next week. Mind the new signal now! Three verticals. Red lamp. Answer to be by two and a swing. Remember that, Froggy. Our guns talk first, you know, if the lights aren't right! We think about it afterwards. See you don't go making a mistake."

"There will be no mistake, commander. I assure you there will be no mistake at all."

"Good luck, Froggy."

"Adieu!"

Limoge shoved off at once on that loud, clear cry of farewell, his helm up. The boat leaped off against the darkly running seas. For brief moments she remained in view from the destroyer's narrow deck, her canvas a taut, grey patch in gloom. Then all at once the black night swallowed her and she disappeared from sight.

"Lights out! Ladder aboard," the lieutenant ordered curtly to the seaman ready at his back. He waved all clear to the bridge. "This way, lads. We'll warm you up."

"A moment," Peter Durban breathed. "If you don't mind, sir, we—"

"Certainly. The sea smells good, I'll bet. You must have had a beastly time. Come along aft whenever you want."

Peter Durban heard the officer's footfalls receding on the thin steel deck that began very suddenly to throb with reawakened power. The long swell struck the destroyer's bows as she dipped her head. A dollop of cold spray lipped over, stinging his cheek; and he began to talk to the figure at his side muffled in the poilu's coat, his voice slow and thin with strain.

"I wanted her to hate me, Sam. It will be easier for her, hating me. When that swine Valveaux began—I saw the way. What else was there to do?" he demanded bitterly. "The way things are. Major operation. Chances excellent for recovered sight. But I've got to know for sure about my eyes before I let her..." He broke off. "For sure!" he repeated. "Otherwise I—"

"You are such a foolish man. I knew from the first you could not see. I knew it the moment you struck your head on the lintel of the door to-night. I knew it was more than a disguise, my dear. Sam is not here."

He whirled towards the sound of that throaty voice, low and close at his side: he leaned towards her, groping and bewildered. "Mad'line!" he cried. "You—"

"Sam slipped overboard according to plan the minute papa luffed inside the breakwater of Port St. Louis and put the canvas between him and Valveaux. He will swim back to the quay and be recaptured: he smiled when he told me to tell you he didn't mind. Your friend left his poilu's coat under the canvas where Valveaux thought he slept. That man had his Luger pressed against nothing but a pile of netting wrapped up in my cloak, because I left it there when I crawled under to make the change and come out again as Sam. So Valveaux and his brief-case will never reach Cape Creus and Spain. Never! Papa is alone in the boat with Valveaux now and that was papa's plan. He has a gun! He told us so himself, and he can take care of Valveaux the collaborator. He told us that he had a hidden gun and we

At the Lion's Mouth

are not to worry at all. He will make us a proper signal with his lamp to show us when all is well. He knows the signals, Peter, and they will be understood. I am looking for it now. Then I will explain everything to the commander. We shall be married and—"

"No, Mad'line. Not until I find out if my eyes—"

"Before, Peter. We shall be married before we find out. Otherwise I—!" She clutched his arm suddenly. "The signal! All is well. Papa makes the signal now!"

In the distance the blue light showed abruptly, burning with a clear and luminous intensity above the invisible sea. It swung in a slow circle, hesitated, and began again. The girl sighed with intense relief. But the sight of that glim in darkness had a startling, violent effect upon the ship-of-war. Harsh sound issued instantly from below. The destroyer made an angular leap. From the forward conning tower two spears of blinding purple stabbed the night, fingering black water, converging swiftly on the thing they sought and found. The girl cried wild alarm.

"They have mistaken the recognition signal! We must tell them they have..."

SHE started forward; stopped short at once. The searchlights held the small boat, sharp, vivid, her canvas stark against a wall of black beyond. But that circle of brilliance showed Père Limoge holding its centre with a pristine clarity. He was upright in the sternsheets. A swastika fluttered from the halyard above his head. No mistake! There would be no mistake, said Père Limoge: and this is what he meant. He was staring up at it, smiling. The girl, motionless and wild-eyed, was certain that he smiled, faintly and with confidence. In that split second of lucidity she also saw Pierre Valveaux, fierce with anger, dishevelled, the Luger glistening in his outstretched fist. Old Père Limoge made a disdainful gesture towards it with his arm, carelessly, as a man might wave aside a child's annoying toy. Or else it was his final gesture of farewell, triumphant and absolute.

The gun in Valveaux's hand jetted a crimson tongue. But it made no sound. It was a feeble thing. Because on that moment the destroyer's guns roared. The girl sobbed. The guns thundered again, belching flame and smoke and making the vessel plunge and shudder underfoot. Before her eyes the boat, centred in the circle of brilliant light, disintegrated in the heart of flaming explosion, a mushrooming column of the sea thrusting heavenward. Then abruptly all was once more silent. The searchlights fingered splinters of wreck before they blotted out. The destroyer, swift and deadly, plunged recklessly through the ocean hills to the south and east.

"Papa lied. He said he had a gun."

The girl was sobbing. "Otherwise I—"

"No, Mad'line," Peter Durban put in gently, "he did not lie at all. The gun he said he had was an English gun. A four-inch gun, Mad'line. And he knew he could depend on it."

He held her closely, not urging her to cease her racking sobs. The lieutenant was swinging down the deck, anxiously coming to search them out. Peter heard his footsteps, hollow on the pulsing plates. Presently they would have to face him and explain this thing. They could only hope that man would understand. But before he hailed them, Peter Durban let the whisper pass his lips. It was a thing not meant for that competent Essex naval youth who was about to issue his startled exclamation of surprise at their embrace. What he said was meant for Madeline. For no one else. For her alone. And perhaps for that one they all called "Old" Limoge.

"There are still some Frenchmen left," was what Air Corps Lieutenant Durban murmured to the dark and windy threat of night as the English ship rushed on along the line of her blockade across the mouth of the Lion's Gulf.

END

An Englishman's Home

(Continued from page 29)

three gateways that had to be destroyed before entry was achieved, and even then only a hand-to-hand conflict could lead to victory. The keep had to be stormed in a similar manner.

CHEPSTOW Castle, in Monmouthshire, was one of the first castles built to overawe the wild men of Wales. It was during the Civil War of the seventeenth century that it became a vital focus for both Royalist and Parliamentarians. Heavy guns were brought to bear against its walls and it changed hands more than once. Its end was peace with dishonour, for what was left after the bombardment was turned into workshops and warehouses for the inhabitants of Chepstow. At one time a glass factory and a smithy occupied different portions of the castle until, finally, it was left to crumble alone at the beginning of last century.

Moralists may gloat over the story of the siege of Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire. Once more the superior mechanical force of the enemy was victorious over brute strength in the Civil War, and the governor, after boasting that he would eat his horses before surrendering to Parliament, hoisted the white flag after only three days' siege.

The most unfortunate days for Berkeley—or for its reputation—were when the Dispensers, father and son, occupied it in the dark days of Edward II. It was here that the king was murdered by his victorious queen, Isabella, and her favourite, Mortimer. After the royal prisoner had passed from castle to castle he was finally brought to Berkeley where, amidst the stench of putrid filth and carrion, he was left in the dungeon to die a "natural death." Unfortunately for him, his constitution withstood the poisonous fumes and he was murdered in his bed by "two hell-hounds that were capable of more villainous despite than became either knight of the lowliest varlets in the world"—not a savoury reputation, even in those days.

Berkeley Castle is the only one that has descended in the male line of the same family from its inception in 1155, when Robert Fitzhardinge received the first wooden structure and "girt it with stone."

DUNSTER Castle has also seen little change of ownership. The family of Mohuns held it from the Conquest until 1375 when the Luttrells succeeded and have lived there until the present day. Unlike so many of the other fortified places, Dunster Castle was only slightly damaged during the Civil War, mainly because the Luttrells were not Royalists, though the castle was held by them until Robert Blake forced it to surrender.

The main building is Elizabethan, though the picturesque gatehouse, set amongst the trees and folding hills of Somerset, was built about the year 1400. It overlooks the calm little town of Dunster, where the Yarn Market vies with it in attracting the notice of tourists.

RAGLAN, the beautiful ruins of which give grace to the county of Monmouthshire, was the last fortified castle to be built in this country. Though retaining many of the warlike features of the early castles, it was built more for comfort and display than for defence. Sir William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke, was on the winning side of the Wars of the Roses in the fifteenth century and, to celebrate the victory, he rebuilt his ancestral home in a magnificent manner. He was killed in the rebellion of 1469 by the renowned Robin of Reedesdale, but his descendants completed the building.

The only siege Raglan underwent was during the Civil War, when the garrison of 800 men were able to keep the Parliamentarians at bay for a time. Cromwell, however, sent a detachment of his model army with heavy guns to batter its precious walls, and the owner decided that compromise, if not the better part of valour, might save his beloved home from destruction, so he surrendered—and its end was peace.

END



"Look mother! I've just finished buying another War Savings Certificate. That makes four I've got."

"That's right son—we must all be careful nowadays. For instance, I must make my Mansion Polish last twice as long now. Thank goodness you only need a little to give a lovely shine."



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Get a tube now and clean your teeth with it. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking.

Sold everywhere at 1/1 and 1/10d. a tube (Including Purchase Tax). 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 24)

all Christopher's papers and charts. The king had countenanced an act that was base enough to have emanated from the Lisbon slums. The explorer, however, robbed Christopher of none of his future glory, for he came back with empty hands, having discovered nothing. He attempted to excuse himself by blaming Columbus and calling him a visionary. When Columbus discovered the trick that had been played upon him he was so incensed that he cursed the day he had first set foot in Portugal. His only satisfaction lay in the failure of his rival's expedition.

IT was during this period that romance entered the life of Columbus. It was a brief affair that ended before it had really had time to mature. He married a young noblewoman, Dona Felipa Perestrello, who gave him a son, Diego. She died not long afterwards. It was a sailor's marriage, and occupied a very secondary place in his life. Of far more importance at this time was the arrival of his brother, Bartolomeo, who was ten years his junior, but equipped with a much finer education, especially in cosmography. To Bartolomeo was left the task of trying to achieve some result in this baffling country, while Christopher shook the dust of it from his feet. He placed the little Diego in the care of the Perestrello family and, just as poor as when he came to it, he left Portugal for Spain. The crossing of the frontier marked the closing of one chapter in his life and the opening of another.

Equipped with letters of recommendation, he set out, by way of Palos, in Estremadura, to reach the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Here stood the priory of Franciscan monks whose abbot, Juan Perez, had been confessor to the Queen. Here, too, Columbus had the good luck to find a fellow-cosmographer in Friar Marchena. At last he was able to display his maps and papers to one who would not scoff. The good father found the plan daring, but eminently worthy of serious consideration. Juan Perez was persuaded to undertake the spade work for Columbus, but he found it no easy task. A powerful sponsor for their proposition was needed. Once established in Seville, however, poor Columbus began to realise more and more the difficulties in his path. At every move he had to overcome the ignorance and suspicion of those who were able to help him but wanted to be convinced first themselves. Even for a man of Columbus's tenacity, this endless wandering from ante-chamber to ante-chamber was disheartening. Repeatedly the flame of hope was kindled and as quickly extinguished. Eventually, after months of pertinacious effort, he was notified that Their Most Christian Majesties had graciously consented to grant him an audience.

IN history the names of Ferdinand and Isabella are perpetually linked together; but they were the oddest pair that matrimony ever joined. The Queen had the soul of a crusader, bold and broad-minded, faithful in her affections and sweet in manner. The King was a heavy-jawed, obstinate man, only superficially educated, insincere and more addicted to intrigue than to intellectual matters. Under a veneer of affability he was a very hard nut to crack, to use a colloquial expression.

On the appointed day Columbus at last found himself kneeling before the double throne, unfolding once again his maps and charts, and explaining how he could reach the court of the Grand Khan and establish for Spain a source of wealth that would enrich the whole country and make it possible for a crusade to be launched, freeing the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels as Spain herself had been freed from the Moors. Columbus poured out his soul in a river of impassioned eloquence; yet he noticed that only the Queen appeared to be paying him any deep attention. When he had finished he waited breathlessly for the verdict.

Ferdinand shook his head. He had no faith at all in the idea. But Isabella, who was cast in a different mould, did not disguise her interest. Without committing herself unduly, she made it clear that she had been deeply impressed by Columbus's personality. She pointed out, however, the financial magnitude of the enterprise and the possibility of failure and its resulting ignominy. And here the interview terminated.

Alone in his little room Columbus pondered unhappily. Had he sufficient grounds for hope? There had not been a definite "no." Had he taken a step forward, or backward?

Months of dejection followed. Then came news. The project was favourably considered by Their Majesties, who were submitting it to the Royal Commission at Salamanca, Prior Hernando de Talavera and the assembly of scientists, for the most part composed of monks. As the accused awaits the verdict, so Columbus waited for this momentous decision. At last it came, in the words quoted by Las Casas: "They held his promises and his offers to be unacceptable, vain and impossible." In addition, the Council of Salamanca advised Their Most Christian Majesties not to risk financing the expedition for fear of losing royal prestige.

NO wonder Columbus was a grey-haired man before he was thirty. This new blow was heavy enough to close the door of hope for ever. To those who can sit down daily to a good meal, time is of small importance. But to Columbus, who was fighting his battle in a state of utter destitution, it was everything. Almost worse than poverty even, was his loneliness. And, as invariably happens, the only being who proved courageous enough to share his misery was a woman.

The one who shared the sorrows of Columbus was Beatrix Enriquez de Arana, a gentle and beautiful young woman. She brought him consolation for the last five of his seven years of heartbreak struggle. A son was born, whom they called Fernando. The miseries of the unhappy man have been described by Geraldini, brother of the papal legate, who befriended him. He says: "Deprived of all human support, betrayed by his friends, besieged by poverty, he fell in such a state that he was forced to go to a monastery of the Franciscan order as a humble suppliant begging for food to sustain his very life."

AS the seventh year of tribulation was drawing to an end, an Italian nobleman, the Duke of Medina Cocli, succeeded in reinstating Columbus in the Queen's favour, and again the plan was submitted, but this time to a different council.

Father Juan Perez made the journey with borrowed money, to pay, on a mule, a personal visit to the Queen, who was then in camp with the army on the outskirts of Granada. Columbus was summoned, and made a hurried trip to the camp of Santa Fe. There he was greeted by two wonderful surprises—Granada had fallen to the victorious Spanish army, and the council's decision had been favourable. His star was at last in the ascendant. Final victory over the Moors had put the King and Queen in a different frame of mind and they soon applied themselves to the task of considering the conditions of the plan. The basic terms of Columbus's proposal were as follows:

He must be knighted, he must be granted the title of vice-admiral with all its prerogatives, he must be entitled to the hereditary vice-regency of all lands, continents or islands that he discovered, and in addition he must receive one-tenth of all revenues in whatsoever form they might be obtained.

Immediately the affability with which Columbus had been treated changed to an angry hostility on the part of the Queen and the Council. "So! If you succeed, you want to become the most powerful man in the whole kingdom? Outrageous. Preposterous!" In some such words the terms were

rejected, this time finally. Columbus took this blow with unflinching fortitude and stood firm, announcing that he intended to take his proposition to the King of France. With this he bowed to the infuriated Council and took his leave.

A LONG the dusty sun-drenched road to Cordova, Columbus rode in a trance of misery, as if he were bound for the funeral of his long-cherished dream. But he had gone but a few leagues when far behind came the sound of galloping hoofs. Some minutes later he found himself surrounded in a cloud of dust by several messengers from the camp of Santa Fe. They had come to take him back, as the Queen had changed her mind.

Could it be true? Was this some cruel joke? Still incredulous, he obeyed the summons. Reaching the royal tent he found the atmosphere quite changed. He was greeted with smiles. The Queen herself gave him the good news that his terms had been accepted. This is what had happened. Mention of the King of France had aroused the jealousy of the Spanish ruler. All her courtiers and advisers admitted that the risks were small compared with the immense prospects of gain; and a France enriched by new wealth and territory might well become a dangerous neighbour. Apart from these considerations, a new factor militated in favour of Columbus. Had it manifested itself before, he would certainly not have had to wait so long. It was the magical hand of a woman. The beautiful Donna Beatriz de Bobadilla, a great favourite of the Queen, had been much taken with the tall impressive figure and manly bearing of Columbus.

A proper contract was drafted in which permission was given to the applicant to style himself vice-admiral and regent of all the lands he discovered. The financial arrangements were drawn up and sealed by the Royal Seal. To command, not to beg, was Columbus's right from now on. First, to organise a fleet, and then to put to sea.

Later on, in his little room at Cordova, he knelt before a crucifix. Clutched in his strong brown hands was the bundle of precious documents; and in his throat was a lump. Suffering had never drawn tears from him, but joy did now.

Again and again he muttered: "God, Thou art great!"

(To be continued)

On Duty—and Off

(Continued from page 33)

about. We are nowhere near this state of affairs yet, but it is none too soon to study the dangers of parasites. Every woman should know how and where to look for them, and how to safeguard herself and those in her care.

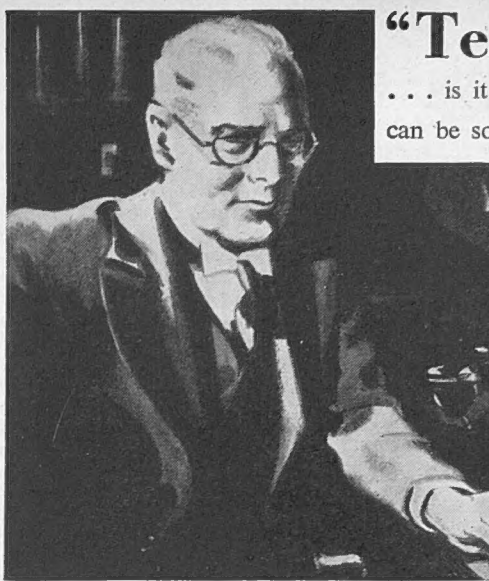
For head protection you need a very fine tooth-comb, and of course a really efficient shampoo used regularly. The authorities all recommend metal tooth-combs. At hospital we use tooth-combs made of composition, and personally I think this is far safer, as it prevents the danger of scratching the scalp, which is likely to cause more infection. The use of these combs every week before a shampoo would protect school children; and if you are nursing in an out-patients' department, believe me, it is a wise precaution to give your own hair this sort of combing at least once a week.

THERE are two pamphlets printed and published by H.M. Stationery Office, York House, Kingsway, W.C.2., one about the louse and the other about scabies. Every woman attached to the W.V.S., Red Cross and St. John organisations, or any welfare worker, should study both these memoranda. Lectures on the subject should be given all over the country, and a campaign should be started with posters and plenty of newspaper publicity.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Britannia & Eve for August, 1942



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. . . is it possible that so pleasant an antiseptic can be so effective?"

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has reached what is thought to be its peak to date in the North American Republic. Those 130,000,000 people, one-seventh of the world population, living in an area rather bigger than Europe, which contains 350,000,000 people, and rather smaller than China, with 450,000,000 people, consume half of all the industrial raw materials produced in the world, produce half of all the factory-made goods, and consume ninety per cent of what they produce.

The possibilities which this American machine and organisational achievement suggest for a more orderly world of to-morrow are tremendous. Instead of having trouble with gluts, we may have trouble with scarcities. Instead of having international regulating committees for tin, rubber, copper, tea, and what not, to keep production down in case over-supply meets under-demand, and knocks the price to blazes (the rubber industry was operating at under sixty per cent capacity at the time France fell), we should need to develop new resources, turn for aid to the new synthetic substitutes to help out or substitute for rubber, tin, cotton, wool, and many other things, and continue or resume the wartime campaigns against waste.

The expanding fields of aviation, communications, engineering, building, chemistry, electricity, agriculture, will take all the skilled technicians, administrators and workers there are, and ask for more. British and American technicians not needed in their own countries will find plenty to do in backward countries.

But we shall not be wholly absorbed by machines and technology and economics; for above all, our Utopia will be distinguished by man's rediscovery of man. Once more we shall recognise the importance of human personality, and the relative insignificance of things measured against the sound human being. We shall not again be overawed by theories and machines, forgetting that they are derived from man, and not man from them.

IN Russia, and some other countries, government will control the machines, directly or through State-controlled co-operatives. In more advanced countries, private groups will still own their own cluster of machines, but government will exercise a general supervision to see that, once having regained control, man doesn't lose it, and have his machines running wild again, now flung against one another's tanks in economic war, and now lying back exhausted for a spell while their tenders drop off like flies and are left to survive precariously and soften upon State doles.

Which brings us to the central fact about our promised Golden Age. It will be collectivist. A sinister word! But unescapable. Let's pick it to pieces and see what it's really made of.

In 1865, one John D. Rockefeller, aged twenty-two, having bought an oil business for £15,000, saw a chaotic and wasteful industry, with 250 companies, each going its own way. He proceeded to absorb and unify them, knocking out non-collaborators. In the process a lot of people got hurt, but there emerged a great, efficient, progressive big business, decentralised, each of a number of big companies with its own name and management, but the whole controlled by a little group of privileged powerful capitalists holding the controlling stock as trustees for the stockbrokers. That's collectivism, private type.

In 1928, one Joe Stalin, having taken over direction of the U.S.S.R., saw how chaotic and wasteful its agriculture was, with 30,000,000 peasants farming individualistically less than a twelfth of the thousand million acres of land potentially suitable for agriculture, producing less than under the Romanoff system (approximating the British

system), when sixty per cent of the land was owned by the ruling classes, the churches, and those successful farmers called "*kulaacs*," the remainder being cultivated by 16,000,000 peasants whose one-to-three strip holdings averaged under fourteen acres.

So Joe proceeded to absorb and unify the little fellows, knocking out non-collaborators. In the process a lot of people got hurt, but there emerged a great, efficient, progressive big business, each of a number of big farms with its own name and management (245,000 big farms operated by 19,000,000 households, and serviced by machine and tractor stations operating 600,000 tractors and 185,000 combines), the whole controlled by a little group of privileged powerful politicians holding the key places in the State as trustees for the people. And that's collectivism, national political type.

In 1933, one Adolph Hitler, having acquired control of Germany, saw how chaotic and wasteful conditions in Europe were, and how easy it would be to push over, one by one, the score or so of sovereign nations, each going its own way, and he started in to—but why go all over that again? It's still collectivism, modern imperialist type.

Capitalist, Communist, Fascist, any road can lead to a collectivism of some sort. Collectivism is simply a larger organisation of people and things, a larger scale of co-operation, or compulsion, because the machine and its varied powers compels such human development and change. It's on the issue of method and degree that men differ. Our Anglo-American Utopia planners think that free men have the sense to grasp the stark facts now, and act on them, without having to be bankrupted by one tutor, "liquidated" by another, or killed or enslaved by a third.

In our own island kingdom and Empire we are already proceeding along this rocky ravine towards the Utopia beyond—not that all recognise it as Utopia: it looks so much like plain hell to some that undoubtedly we shan't reach this golden land without much argument, some booting, and a lot of hurt feelings and badly damaged interests.

For example, among the first casualties are likely to be those who imagine that immediately after the war we shall have in this island better social services, higher pensions for more people, a home and a garden for every family, abolishment of unemployment, along with lower taxes, and the secured world peace that comes from the maintenance of unchallengeable military, naval and air power. These illusionists will awake to find that we have emerged poorer, not richer, from this war, which is merely the demolition or preparatory stage of the Utopia project.

We shall have to toil and sweat and save if we are to do the things which have to be done. The national debt is running already over £14,000,000,000, and will be much higher before the war ends. There's a limit to the interest-bearing debt that can be created in a peace-time economy.

All you need to improve your capital assets is a surplus. What, for instance, is a building? It is a surplus of food, materials, and labour. All the buildings that were ever built, from the Greek temples and the Egyptian tombs of god-kings, to the medieval cathedrals and the latest bombproof building in Whitehall, are just that. But when is a surplus a surplus? When government runs things, a surplus is not when the citizen has everything he wants, and something over, but when government decides that he has enough, and stops him, by graduated taxes, from having any more. Then government takes his surplus and uses it.

We can learn to do without many things which formerly seemed essential to our happi-

ness and well-being. But we shall help things along by anti-waste measures. Fuel-saving refinements in the last few years have so cut waste in coal that now we use thirty per cent less coal to obtain twenty-five per cent more power. We shall accelerate these pressures to-morrow.

We shall ruthlessly do more for less money—I say "ruthlessly," because any time you spend less money you hurt somebody who has been getting that money. For instance, we may perform the apparent miracle of providing larger social security benefits without more cost to the public purse. How? Well, it's just been discovered that ours is probably the world's most extravagantly run social service. We confront such astonishing phenomena as a bill for £23,000,000 for commissions and other management expenses, to collect £70,000,000 annually from British workers for industrial assurance: a thirty per cent management charge, against an expense ratio of only six to sixteen per cent in other countries.

Because we don't have an impartial official arbitration board to handle compensation claims as between employer and worker, 6,000 workers' compensation cases clutter the courts each year—and solicitors and barristers do very well out of the fees. As for our food bills, it wasn't until the spring of 1942 that the citizenry suddenly became aware that it costs around £850,000,000 to distribute some £650,000,000's worth of food. There's no doubt that these anomalies will progressively be eliminated in our Utopia.

WHAT we save in one direction we shall spend to better purpose in another. Our five million school children will be better cared for, and, as adults, will consequently enjoy better health and cost themselves and the country less in State medical services. It wasn't until the war was well under way that a food and education minister got together to provide 3,500,000 children with daily milk, and 700,000 with midday meals, at the schools. This provision will naturally continue and even extend in our Utopia.

At that time we shall look back with amazement on a Britain which called itself "great" and "advanced," but could find money for almost everything except adequate education of its children, in decent school buildings with proper equipment; with the result that four out of five elementary schools were authoritatively condemned as obsolete, some being fifty years old, and many without proper sanitary accommodation, playgrounds or proper lighting, let alone well-planned class rooms and bright surroundings.

There will be social changes so great as to be revolutionary. Manual labour will not carry a social slur, and there will be fewer of those youngsters who want to start (or whose parents want them to start) their careers at a desk in an office, removed from those who toil with their hands. More and more youngsters will want to gain the good-sense training and self-reliance that comes of technical skill and knowledge, as distinct from book theory.

And in the end maybe we shall overcome that deadening conservativeness which over-stresses the virtues of preservation and precedent, and underestimates the merits of scrapping and clean breaks with an outworn past. When that psychological change is complete we shall be able to keep cleaning out the dead wood of the social, political and economic tree, as it rots away with use and age, and planting new young stuff in our world, without obliging God to send a Hitler and a barbarian horde every so often to expose the rot, and force us at last to do something about it, lest the whole tree perish—and we with it.

END



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